


IMMORTALITY

William L. Seabrook





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IMMORTALITY.

Immortality

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Dedicated

TO

ALL, WHO HAVE LOVED ONES IN

“THE LAND O’ THE LEAL.”

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Foreword.

FOREWORD.



THE author of this little book can not hope to contribute anything new on the great subject of which he has written. His one desire is to bring the message of comfort to hearts that long for

“A breath from the Heaven side bank of the river of Death.”

There are few thoughtful persons, in whose minds do not arise questions of the Great Beyond:—“Does man survive death?” “Does he continue to exist after death, the same, identical person that he was before death?” “Will he meet and know in the future life those whom here he loved?” “Is the affirmative answer that each soul gives to its questioning the true answer?”

Believing it with all his heart, he has sought to put together in plainest form the results of

Foreword.

his own and others' research, giving credit wherever possible, and here acknowledging his indebtedness to Rev. M. Valentine, D.D., LL.D. (a loved teacher in College and Theological Seminary days), Dr. George A. Gordon, Dr. Samuel T. Spear, Dr. R. A. Oakes, Prof. Paul Shorey, Prof. James Henry Breasted, Prof. James Legge and others for thought suggested by them, though their exact language has not been used, he sends forth this word of cheer, with this message of Richard Chenevix Trench, to every reader:—

“I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway or open street—

“That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

“That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows, vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

“That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

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“Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

“And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father’s house at last.”

The Influence of the
Hope of Immortality.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



ONE Easter morn, a dear friend handed to the writer, who was at that time his pastor, this beautiful sonnet, fresh from his pen and from his heart:—

“Within the heart of everyone there grows
A little flower and though it be not rare,
Yet none can tell by whom 'twas planted there
Or whence it came! 'T is like a budding rose
Most beautiful—a balm for all the woes of life,
The griefs, the pains that men must bear.
On Easter morn more full it blooms and fair
Than all the year—aye lily-like it glows.
To cherish lovingly this tender flower,
To give new strength, reduce its frailties,
He suffered, died in deepest agony
And rose again. In memory of that hour
It blossoms now—so sweet, so fragrant is
This Blessed Hope of Immortality.”

—*Thomas Emmett Dewey.*

The Harvard University lecture of 1904,
on the foundation of the bequest of George

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Goldthwait Ingersoll, whose will provided for an annual lecture at that institution, on the Immortality of Man, was delivered by Dr. William Osler, then of Johns Hopkins University, now regius professor of medicine at the University of Oxford, England.

The subject of his lecture was "Science and Immortality," and in it he classifies men with relation to their belief in immortality as follows:—

First—Those, "who, while accepting a belief in immortality and accepting the phases and forms of the prevailing religion, live practically uninfluenced by it," and such he declares are the immense majority of mankind;

Second—Those, who put the supernatural altogether out of man's life and regard the hereafter as only one of the many inventions he has sought out for himself, and the number of these he says is perhaps larger today than ever before in history;

Third—Those, even a smaller and select number, who "lay hold with the anchor of faith

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upon eternal life as the controlling influence in this one."

These three divisions of mankind are really but two—those, who accept a belief in immortality and those who do not. The first and third in Dr. Osler's classification are really but subdivisions of that great group, comprising as the scientist says the "immense majority" of mankind, who do accept the belief in immortality.

True, the number of those whose lives are constantly lived with reference to the Great Beyond, who not only endure, but live "as seeing the invisible" is small, but none who hold it are uninfluenced by the Hope of Immortality.

In many, perhaps in most, the belief is not as clear as it should be, nor does it exercise the powerful influence that it should exercise, but even feeble faith is better than no faith.

"The hand of the woman in the crowd trembled as it was stretched toward Jesus, and the faith back of it was superstitiously reverent,

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trusting in the virtue of the robe, rather than in the one who wore it, yet the genuineness of that faith, feeble though it was, triumphed in God's loving sight. Real trust is real power, though the heart and hand both tremble." (Maltbie D. Babcock.)

In many, perhaps in most, the influence of this faith may not be mightily felt amid the material claims of this work-a-day world, but no soul, in which this "fragrant flower" has taken root, is entirely untouched by its influence.

It influences the man of science himself. Though he tells us in his lecture that "Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of the things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal; of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything"—that "from the standpoint of science, representing the head, there is an irreconcilable hostility to the emotional or cardiac side of life's problems"—that "today as always the heart con-

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trols not only the belief but the actions of men, in whose life the head counts but little," yet he, a representative of those in whose life the head counts for much, is moved by his own faith to declare that on the question of immortality, the one only enduring enlightenment is through faith, in harmony with St. Paul, who long ago wrote not that science but "faith is the evidence of things not seen."

In other words, according to the view of science, head and heart are antagonistic; science is the head, faith is the heart; science and faith are in irreconcilable hostility; yet this heart belief has power to influence the man of science to declare for the heart as against the head, and to say to the men of Harvard:—"The scientific student should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries, which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state," and then to add

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this concluding word of personal admonition and personal confession, "As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with good grace. The hopes and fears, which make us men are inseparable, and the wine press of doubt each one of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man can deliver his brother or make agreement with another for him. Better that your spirit's bark be driven far from the shore—far from the trembling throng, whose sails were never to the tempest given—than that you should tie it up to rot at some Lethean wharf."

"On the question before us, wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your young souls. . . . Some of you will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than to be in the right with those who deny . . . the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei*."

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It influences the second class of those into whom the scientist divides mankind, those who "put the supernatural altogether out of man's life and regard the hereafter as only one of the many inventions he has sought out for himself," the number of whom he affirms is "larger perhaps than ever before."

"Perhaps?" Who can know what is the heart belief of any man at any time? We hear what the head utters, but not always what the heart speaks. How many there have been, who, misled by materialistic thinking or by materialistic living, have seemed to reject man's common faith in immortality, yet in some high moment of spiritual exaltation or in the hour of sorrow, have uttered the heart's longing for some kind of endless life, without which it cannot be satisfied.

Who, who has read the essay of Frederic William Henry Myers on George Eliot, has not shared his depression in the presence of her hopelessness. He writes "I remember how at Cambridge, I walked with her once

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in the Fellow's Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men—the words God, Immortality, Duty, pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third."

To this sad state of mind she had been brought by both materialistic thinking and living, the inevitable result of either, that with the lips she could utter the paradox, God how inconceivable, Duty how absolute, Immortality how impossible! As if, if God was not, if there were no source of authority, there could be any such thing as duty; as if there could be such a thing as duty if this little life were all.

And yet it is George Eliot, who sings:

"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again

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In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search
To vaster issues—So to live is heaven."

Dr. George A. Gordon, in "The Witness to Immortality" well asks "What is this 'choir invisible'? Is it a mere dream of the poet, and is the fact simply so much dust and ashes blown about the world? If this be so, why use for it such personal form? The form will not allow personality to perish; it is a vast choir of living men and women that fills the singer's imagination; theirs is a real society, and they still have beholding eyes and feeling hearts 'whose music is the gladness of the world.' They compose a real, a sublime, although an invisible fellowship, and the hope of again joining that fellowship is the noblest utterance of the longing for immortal life.

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That life is thus denied only in words—it is there in full power, in absolute mastery of this gifted and aspiring spirit. The conscious existence of the mighty dead is ignored only in form, it is there in invisible but immortal bloom. . . . Thus inseparable are the ideas of exalted human worth and endless life.”

We might also truly apply Dr. Gordon’s words to another, a bright and beautiful youth, who professed to be uninfluenced by the hope of immortality, who declared himself an atheist. But sorrow touched his life, and in “Adonais” Shelley mourns that Keats is dead:—

“Oh weep for Adonais, he is dead!
Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend:—O dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air:
Death feeds on his mute voice and laughs at
our despair.”

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Oh, the hopelessness, the darkness of it all,
but no,—the mourning poet is influenced in
spite of himself by the “Blessed Hope of Im-
mortality,”

“Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which
knows
Be as the sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?

“He lives, he wakes—’t is death is dead not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.”

True the poet’s idea of immortality is not
the loftiest.

“He is made one with nature, there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night’s sweet bird,
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely;”

yet the poet in the presence of a great
sorrow must voice humanity’s protest against
the annihilation of a great mind, the pass-
ing into nothingness of a great soul, who has
lived and breathed and loved and wrought. No,

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"The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair
And love and light contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like wings of light on dark and stormy
air.

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of
heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Another, who was disposed to regard the hereafter "as one of the many inventions man has sought out for himself," was John Stuart Mill. There was a time when he not only professed his disbelief in immortality, but declared that he had no desire for it for himself or for his loved ones, averring that immortality and not nothingness might be the

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dreadful thing. But under the influence of a great human love, in the hour of separation, by the graveside of his wife, the influence of "this Blessed Hope of Immortality" touched him, his materialistic philosophy brought no comfort and the heart uttered its longing. Even Robert G. Ingersoll standing by the grave of his brother, forgetting the mocking words of a lifetime, when face to face with the great mystery, moved by his love and influenced by that belief which he had professed to scorn, uttered words of hope.

Yes, even those who belong to the second class named by Dr. Osler are not uninfluenced by this blessed hope, that is humanity's highest, its only enduring comfort. Is it too much to say that all are influenced by it; that its influence is so general that it may be said to be universal? Wherever there is love and sorrow, and where are they not, this "Blessed Hope" is found.

Every sorrowing mother feels its influence. She needs no argument to demonstrate its

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truth. She knows that somewhere, sometime, she will find again "in a happier clime" her dear child, not lost but gone before, and in her loneliness her heart is comforted:—

"Dear little hands, I love them so!
And now they are lying under the snow—
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I cannot see them or touch them tonight.
They are quiet and still, at last, ah me!
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the
snow,
Dear little hands, I love them so!

"Dear little hands, I miss them so!
All through the day, wherever I go—
All through the night, how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them all through the weary hours,
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Daytime or night time, wherever I go,
Dear little hands I miss them so.

"Dear little hands, they have gone from me now,
Oh that again they might rest on my brow—
Oh that again smooth my sorrowful face,
Clasp me again in a childish embrace.

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And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands, once resting there;
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime."

The influence of the hope of immortality is felt not only by all who sorrow in the loneliness of bereavement. No other influence is so powerful to cheer the hearts of those who walk in ways of trial, with weary feet, earth's cares multiplying, earth's disappointments distressing. Many a soul could not endure the toils of the journey were it not for the confidence with which it can join in John Henry Newman's prayer:—

"Lead kindly Light; amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;

"The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.

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I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

“So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!”

The Universality of the
Hope of Immortality.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



HERISHING this Blessed Hope of Immortality, we do not ask the great questions, which come to us in common with all our fellowmen — “Does man survive death?” “Does he continue to exist after death, the same identical person that he was before death?” “Will he meet and know in the future life those whom he here has known and loved?”—because the answer is involved in doubt, but that we may assure ourselves that the answer that each soul gives to the questioning is the true answer, tracing the reasons we have for the hope, yes the knowledge that man shall survive death, that he shall live, the same identical person that he was before death interrupted the earth life; that he shall meet and know again the loved friends and renew again the ties that death seemed to sever.

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Naturally the first question that the Christian asks is "Does the word of God justify us in our affirmative answer to our questioning?"

The Bible nowhere makes formal statement of the facts. There are three things that the Scriptures seem to assume need not to be formally stated or proved. We must bear in mind the fact that the Scriptures are a revelation of truth that would not be known but for the revelation.

There are three things that belong to the soul, lying within the range of natural religion, and the Scriptures simply acknowledge them as lying in the natural hope of the soul and needing no special revelation. These three things the Bible assumes as facts—that God is—that man is immortal—that friends parted in the mortal life shall be reunited in the life immortal. Building on these already conceded facts, its statements are clear and conclusive for comfort to the sorrowing and giving knowledge of the future life.

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The belief in the immortality of the soul and the reunion in the life beyond of those who parted on earth is older than the Bible. "It is difficult to conceive the time when it did not receive more or less credence. It can be traced with scarcely a break, through all the peoples inhabiting the round globe."

The contents of the tombs of primitive man, wherever found, bear incontestable evidence of his belief in a future state. The literatures of all races and times are animated with it. It is fairly ingrained into the first written language. (R. A. Oakes.)

The magnificent sepulchres along the Nile testify to the belief in immortality held by the ancient Egyptians, and to the influence which that belief exerted on character. The Rt. Rev. Henry G. Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, says that the philosophic conception of human life and death and resurrection, as set forth in the story of Osiris, Isis and Horus, reads almost like an anticipation of Hegelian thought.

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Stripped of all the confusing mythological additions, which have gathered round it, the germ of the story to which he refers seems to have been as follows:—The god, Osiris, who represented the principle of life, descended from heaven and was made man. While on earth he came into conflict with Typhon, the Prince of Darkness, and at last was obliged to lay down his life as a human sacrifice to the powers of evil, but only for a time. Through the might of Horus, the god of light, he was raised from the dead to the glory of a resurrection life and became the judge of living and dead. In the Egyptian Book of the Dead and on the sides of each sarcophagus this judgment is always represented. Osiris is depicted as a judge, wrapped in the cerements of a mummy, to show that he too was dead but is alive again. The souls of the dead pass before him for judgment.

Professor Wilkinson, who is the authority for these facts, says that the Egyptians looked forward to being received into the company

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of that being, who represented the divine goodness, if pronounced worthy at the great judgment day, of being called by his name. If they were deemed worthy of eternal life, they were allowed to return to their sepulchres to bring back the Ka, or spiritual body, which the mummy enshrines, and to enter heaven, body and soul.

How ancient is this belief is seen from the inscriptions found in the fifth and sixth dynasty pyramids, hewn three thousand years before Christ. One passage, speaking of one entitled to this happiness, says of him:—

“He hath not reviled the king,
He hath not blasphemed (?) Bast,
He hath not danced on the grave of Osiris.”

Another, addressed to the ferryman, the Charon of Egypt, who ferries over the dead to the happy fields of Yaru, refers to the deceased in the third person:—

“O thou who ferriest over the righteous
Who is without a boat,
Thou ferryman of the field of Yaru,

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He (the deceased) is righteous in the sight of
heaven and earth,
He is righteous in the sight of that island.”

Professor James Legge, Professor of the Chinese language and literature in the University of Oxford, England, who was for thirty-four years a missionary among the Chinese, says:—

“The ancient Chinese believed in a future state, or in the continued existence of the souls or spirits of men, after their period of life on earth had come to a close; and not in their existence simply, but in their continued possession, somehow, of their higher faculties so that they were conscious of service rendered to them by their descendants, and could exercise an influence on their condition in this world.”

The same authority says that “the practice of sacrificing to the dead is as old as the first traces that we have of the history of the Chinese people. It existed, I believe, from time

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immemorial, certainly from the twenty-third century before Christ."

That Confucius, the great teacher, had no doubt about the continued existence and knowledge of the dead is clearly shown by his words and by his own conduct, for we are told (*Analects* III:12) that he sacrificed to the dead as if they were present, and to the spirits as if they were present. Professor Legge, quoting from the Chinese Record of Ritual Usages says "When one died, they went to the house top, and called out his name in a prolonged note, 'Come back, So-and-So.' After this they filled the mouth (of the deceased) with uncooked rice, and set forth as offerings to him packets of uncooked flesh. They looked up to heaven, and buried the body in the earth. The body and the animal soul go downward; and the intelligent spirit is on high." (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XXVII, pp. 368, 369.) "Such," says Professor Legge, "were the belief and practice that came down to Confucius, and they have been

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handed down to the present day. It may be safely said that the teaching of the old Chinese books, on this subject, was more full and explicit than any teaching about it that we find in the Pentateuch."

One other reference to the Sacred Books will be sufficient to show their belief that the good among them go to Heaven and are happy in the presence of God. In the ancient history of China, there is no name more famous than that of King Wan, the founder of the Chan dynasty. He died in the year 1135 B.C., and was succeeded by his son Fa, who became sovereign of the whole nation in 1122 B.C. Another son, Tan, the duke of Chan, celebrating the virtues of their father, thus sang of him:—

"The royal Wan now rests on high,
In glorious state above the sky,
Chan as a state had long been known,
And heaven's decree at last was shown,
Its lords had won a famous name,
God kinged them when the season came.

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King Wan ruled well when earth he trod,
Now moves the spirit near to God."

(S. B. pp. 377, 378).

Professor Paul Shorey, of the Chicago University, points out the fact that with one exception, every possible shade of historic belief or sentiment concerning the life beyond the grave can be matched in the extant literature of Greece and Rome. (The one note never struck is the triumphant certainty of Christian assurance, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?")

There we find belief in a future life in its crudest form, that looks upon the tomb as an eternal habitation, where the spirit still dwells in need of food and attention from those who remain on earth. There we find early man's pious devotion to the little gods of the hearth and the spirits of his ancestors; the poet's intimations of immortality and the philosopher's demonstrations that it must be so, but of a future life of blessedness, we find

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even in Homer but meagre and narrow expression.

There is another world, but it is a dim and shadowy world, a world of shades. "Orion drives the wild beasts over the mead of asphodel, and Minos wields a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the dead, but both the mead of asphodel and the golden sceptre, like Minos and Orion themselves, are shadows."

(Gordon's "The Great Poets and their Theology.")

When death comes, it ushers the soul into another life, but life in a cheerless region of wandering and retribution, where there are indeed punishments for the wicked, but no sure rewards for the righteous. Life and immortality have not yet been brought to light by the Gospel, yet here and there are to be found foregleams of light.

Pindar paints in glowing colors the joys of Elysium. Even Homer hopes for happiness to some exceptional favorites of the gods. Of

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Menelaus, he declares that he is not ordained to die, but that "The immortals shall send thee away to the Elysian plain and the limit of the world, where dwells Rhadamanthus of the golden hair, and a life of delicious ease is prepared for men. No snow, nor wintry chill, nor storm of rain draws nigh that happy spot, but even the ocean sends forth for refreshment the love breezes of zephyr. Such a lot is thine, because thou hast Helen for thy bride and Zeus for thy kin."

Plato argues that the soul is immortal and supplements his philosophical thought with a series of beautiful imaginings, portraying his idea of a future life, and says of the details of his picture:—"A man of sense ought not to say, nor will I affirm, that the description which I have given of the soul and its mansions is exactly true; but since the soul has been shown to be immortal, we may safely affirm that something of the kind is true."

According to Herodotus, the Thracians at a birth seated themselves around the infant

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and mourned its advent, deploring the many evils the child must needs endure, since it has been born, and enumerating the various sufferings incident to mankind. But over the dead they made merry, recounting the evils from which the deceased has been released, and picturing the perfect bliss he is now privileged to enjoy.

How full of the hope of immortality are these words, translated from the Greek Anthology by Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache:—

“Dying thou art not dead! thou art gone to a
happier country,
And in the isles of the blest thou rejoicest and
thou shalt not
Hunger or thirst any more; but unholpen of
man and unheedful,
Spotless and fearless of sin, thou exuldest in
view of Olympus;
Yea, and thy gods are thy light, and their glory
is ever upon thee;”

and these words of comfort, from a Greek epitaph upon a daughter's grave:—“Mother leave thy grief, remembering the soul which

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Zeus has rendered immortal and undecaying to me for all time, and has carried now to the starry sky."

Virgil, Rome's greatest poet, believes in an Elysium and sings

"Here sees he the illustrious dead,
Who fighting for their country bled;
Priests, who, while earthly life remained,
Preserved their life, unsoiled, unstained;
Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
Whose songs were worthy Phoebus' ear;
Inventors, who by arts refined
The common life of human kind,
With all, who grateful memory won
By services to others done;
A goodly brotherhood bedight
With coronals of virgin white."

To Virgil, the soul is the real man, the body is its place of imprisonment and source of defilement. Only when it escapes from its earthly prison will the caged eagle soar into its native air. Æneas wonders that Anchises, after he has tasted the repose and the liberty of the Elysian fields, should ever desire to return to earth.

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What men call death, Maximus of Tyre says is but the beginning of immortality, when the soul is called to enter on a new life (Discourse XIV). The generous spirit, he says in another discourse (XIII) is not averse to the destruction of the body, but looks forward to the liberty and the pure light of heaven with as much delight as that of the prisoner, who sees fall the walls of his prison. Seneca wrote (Epistle LXXIX) "The soul will have reason to rejoice when, sent from the shade in which it is immersed, it shall see things no longer dimly, but in the light of perfect day, and having been restored to heaven, will occupy the place which is its birthright."

Among no other people has the belief in the immortality of the soul been more manifest than among the Germanic tribes of northern Europe.

There Grimm tells us that "Faring to Odin," "Being the guests of Odin," "Visiting Odin," meant simply to die. When King Gylfi visited

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Asgard and propounded his question, he who sat the highest there told him that the Alfadir had made man and given him a soul, which should never perish though the body mouldered away or was burned to ashes. At their banquets it was a common thing for some brave warrior to kill himself in a novel manner for the diversion of the onlookers, since he believed, as Gummere tells us, that it was but a step into another group, where, with old comrades, he could await the brief coming of those left behind. In the Saga of Got-trek of Rolf is described the Gillings Rock, or family cliff, where men went to Odin without the stroke of disease. The old had free access to this happy spot, and often children pushed their parents from it and sent them with joy and gladness on the road to Valhalla. Such cliffs are pointed out to the traveler in Sweden, and the lakes which lie at their feet are called Valhalla meres. The same custom was practiced in Wales, England, Prussia, and Iceland, and among the Heruli, the Slavs

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and the Wends. Macrobius mentions the killing of holy men in order that their souls might return to heaven. "Those souls" he says "which from their sanctity it was thought could be sent to heaven, were released from their bodies, in order that they might go thither as soon as possible." (Most of these facts are taken from R. A. Oakes, "The Journey of the Soul.")

It may be asked, if so confident was their faith in immortality and their fearlessness of death, why did not all, in time of sorrow, in the hour of bodily disease or pain, in the weakness of old age, seek this speedy and happy release? The quotation from Macrobius suggests the explanation, that only those who were brave and pure and holy and true were fit to anticipate the day of natural death. Courage, bravery and heroism were to them moral virtues. William W. McLane, Ph.D., D.D., says that it was virtue, on the whole, and not bravery alone which was rewarded in another life and he cites the ancient poem

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"Voluspa," in which it is said that in Grimli shall the righteous hosts enjoy gladness forever, while perjurers, murderers and they who seduce men's wives shall wade through thick venom streams in Nastrond, in proof of their belief that vice and wickedness would be punished. It was also believed that noble women went to heaven, where matrons found an abode with Fregja, and maidens with Grefjon. On the other hand, blasphemy and baseness would shut out even the bravest man from Valhalla.

The Druids, according to Cæsar, taught that souls do not become extinct. They were elevated, Ammianus Marellinus tells us, by investigations into secret and sublime matters and from their contempt for human affairs pronounced the soul immortal.

They were so positive of the future life, that they made appointments with each other for meeting in the other world. Valerius Maximus, when in Gaul, found in practice the custom of lending money, to be paid in the land of souls. The ancient Scots burned

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bonds and accounts, thinking thus to translate them to heaven, where they would have use for them, and loaned money to be paid beyond the grave.

Shagun tells us that the ancient Mexicans, when one of their kin lay dying, encouragingly exhorted him "Awake, awake, already the morning breaks, and the light is dawning. Already the yellow plumed birds are singing to greet you." ("Journey of the Soul.") Among the North American Indians, the Creeks believed that they would go after death to a place where "game is plenty, and corn grows all the year round, and springs of pure water are never dried up"; the Comanches hoped to reach prairies, where "buffalos are always abundant and fat"; the Algonquins believed that the soul at death passes into darkness; that it wanders through plains and across streams, subject to all the incidents of this life; that it finds every species of sensual trial, which render the place not a haven of

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rest, but another experimental world, much like the present one. The natives of Fiji believed the future world to be similar to the present, both in its conditions and its mode of life. The Tasmanians, according to West, anticipated in another world the full enjoyment of what they coveted, but did not attain in this. In the conception of the natives of the New Hebrides, heaven partakes much of the character of earth, "the cocoanuts and the bread fruits are fine in quality and so abundant in quantity as never to be exhausted." (McLane.)

Thus among all the peoples of the earth, among nations most enlightened and races most ignorant, the same hope of some kind of a future life is found filling the heart.

Well does Dr. Valentine ask the question and beautifully and truly answer:—"What does this universal hope mean? Are not these voices of hope prophets, bringing to the soul messages from the unseen world, calling from the deep heart of the race responses to

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the divine realities above it, assuring that what the soul so deeply needs, God will give."

Thus the history of the race, assuring us that the same answer that springs up in our hearts is the answer that universal man has given to the same questioning, and tends to prove that our affirmation is the true response to all our questioning,

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REASON'S ARGUMENT FOR THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



REASON'S arguments for the Blessed Hope of Immortality are many and absolutely convincing in their strength. Human thinking on this subject is a river, "increasing in volume with every mile of its length, as the tributaries that join it nearer and nearer the sea are taken up and swept onward by a current that grows ever mightier." Scientists, psychologists, philosophers, logicians, theologians, specialists in every range of thought's activity, contribute to its power.

Reason's argument from the being of God is first, highest, greatest and best, for in a sense it is all inclusive.

This is the great argument of Dr. George T. Ladd, Professor of Moral Philosophy and

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Metaphysics in Yale University. Speaking of the attempts at philosophical demonstration and the debates of modern psychology over the relations of body and mind, and the grounds they give us on which to place our faith in the immortality of the soul, he says:—"The truly reasonable position may be stated in this way:—We shall believe or refuse to believe, we shall hope or abandon hope, according as we do or do not take an ideal—an ethical, esthetical and religious view of the world, regarded as dependent upon God. . . . Suppose I am asked, Why do you believe in the immortality of any immortal soul? I answer, because I believe in the rational, ethical and esthetical being of God, the world ground, and in the system of things and of souls as having a rational, ethical and esthetical significance, as dependent upon the being of God. I believe in the immortality of any human souls because I believe in God, and this is God's world."

Dr. Ladd's argument is in line with an

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experience, related by Professor Caird, in his "Literature and Philosophy," of a friend, who was preaching a series of sermons on the Immortality of the Soul. He was approached very early in the course by a Scotch parishioner, whose condition of semi-intoxication added to the effectiveness of his mental operations and who remarked "You make a deal ado o'er a sma' matter, postulate God and immortality follows," and Professor Caird adds "And in this connection the argument is the argument of Rousseau. . . . swift and effective in its nature:—'I believe in God as fully as I believe in any other truth. If God exists, He is perfect; if He is perfect, He is wise, just and almighty; if He is just and almighty, my soul is immortal.'"

And it may be added, if God is good, and God is good or He would not be God, we shall live forever, God could not be good and the Creator of men and doom them to nothingness. This would mean that God is the author of sorrow and suffering and unthinkable waste, an incon-

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ceivable thought. Yes, if God is, if God is perfect, if God is good, man is immortal. This is reason's logical argument, and it is sound. If God is the premise, immortality is the conclusion. This is the argument of the metaphysician, of the philosopher, of the unlettered Scotchman, of America's sweet singer, Helen Hunt Jackson:—

“The fool asks, ‘With what flesh?’

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I know not; and I glory that I do
Not know; that for eternity's great ends
God counts me worthy of such trust
That I need not be told.
Out to the earthward brink
Of that great tideless sea,
Light from Christ's garments streams.
Believing thus, I joy, although I lie in dust,
I joy, not that I ask or choose,
But simply that I must.
I love and fear not; and I cannot lose,
One instant, this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease;
I must arise.”

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If reason's argument from the being of God stands first, highest, greatest, best, the argument from the being of Man stands only second. In that argument many things are included.

First—perhaps not in importance, but in logical order, is the fact with regard to man, to which attention has already been given, that through all the ages of history, man has perpetually and persistently believed in immortality. When one thinks of what this involves, all will agree that nothing can be more surprising than this indomitable belief, belief held steadfast in the face of the contradiction of appearances and against all sensuous evidence.

Dr. George A. Gordon, in "The Witness to Immortality," says "Who the first believer in immortality was we cannot tell, but he must have been a man of genius." He must have been more. Think of him as he stood for the first time in the presence of death, perhaps by the side of his dying child, as he marked

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the steady progress of disease. "Under his anxious look, hungry for every least token of hope, the bloom faded from the cheek, the light from the eye, and the beloved form went on lessening like a snow drift under the lengthening spring day. . . . feebler and feebler became the responses of love from the ebbing life, and now every sign of conscious existence is gone, and at last all is wrapped in the cold tranquillity of death. The verdict of sense, the testimony of appearance is that the personal soul has perished." And yet he believed in immortality, and that belief tends to prove his own immortality.

Then add to this first man's belief the fact that man has looked upon death in varied forms throughout all time, and yet, generally speaking, has always had an inevitable conviction that he should yet live elsewhere, and the argument is almost conclusive. Would God have endowed man with such a hope, only to disappoint him? Can such a deep rooted conviction be a phantom, a cheat?

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So strong is that conviction that James Frederick Ferrier, who was of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of his age, in his essay on Berkeley, declares that "Death as the entire destruction of conscious being is to thought an absurdity." His argument is that it is impossible for us to think death, that it is impossible to think of the dead as dead, that it is impossible for one to conceive of his own annihilation. "We come," he says, "to think that we think death, but we never really do."

There are few, who are uninfluenced by the same sovereign law of the soul that dominated the sweet maiden in Wordsworth's familiar poem, "We ARE Seven." There are few who cannot enter into and make their own the thought of John Pierpont:—

"I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim

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With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

“I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

“I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

“Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked,—he is not there!

“He lives! In all the past
He lives! Nor to the last,
Of seeing him will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written—‘Thou shalt see him there’!

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“Yes, we all live in God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
’Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!”

Second, in this order, is reason’s argument from man’s consciousness of Duty. This is the argument of Emmanuel Kant, the philosopher, who lived from 1724 to 1804. In his “Theory of Ethics” he exclaims:—“Duty! Thou sublime and mighty name, that doth embrace nothing charming or insinuating, but requirest submission, and yet seekest not to move the will by threatening aught that would arouse natural aversion or terror, but merely holdest forth a law, which of itself finds entrance into the mind and gains reluctant reverence. . . . a law before which all inclinations are dumb, . . . what origin is there worthy of thee?”

Dr. George A. Gordon thus sums up the argument of Kant:—“Of the moral personality, duty exacts perfection, but perfection is impossible, except as a progress toward

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a goal infinitely distant. Therefore that man may become what the Highest requires him to become, in order that he may realize in himself the perfection for which he was made, an endless future must be his. We are commanded to be holy, just and good, we are so commanded by the Highest, and the Highest will provide the means of obedience, will grant to man as the field of his exertion, the life everlasting." In duty, Kant finds the divine origin of life, and in man's consciousness of Duty is the pledge of his immortality.

Third—is reason's argument from man's consciousness of a lower and a higher life, co-existent here, and of his willing sacrifice of the lower to the higher. This argument has been best expressed by James M. Whiton, Ph.D., in his essay "Immortality Demonstrated."

"Through all the centuries, multitudes are seen turning away from what they deem transitory in preference for what they deem eter-

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nal. They are seen preferring truth to ease, philanthropy to luxury, godliness to gain, and deaths of undeserved pain to lives of undeserved praise. In this history of the constant triumph of what all recognize as higher motives over what all recognize as lower motives, we see the most imperious instincts of the animal life overmastered by a superior energy. Now can this victorious energy be rationally supposed to rest at bottom on a vain illusion?"

"The most unique and wonderful phenomenon in the living world is the martyr's willing, nay, joyous embrace of death as the preserver of the moral life. Can one say that the martyr preserved his integrity, but preserved no life of integrity? What is the alternative? Either the moral instinct, which parts with the world, rather than part with integrity, is an utterly irrational instinct, throwing everything away for a mere blank, or else the prize it struggles for is worth the price it pays; the world it aspires to is as real

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as the world it sacrifices; its existence in that world is as real as its existence in this. The proof of immortality thus reached is a form which mathematical reasoning employs as conclusive, when it demonstrates the truth of a proposition by demonstrating the absurdity of its contradictory."

Fourth—is reason's argument from the capacity of human nature for development, to which it is not easy to assign any fixed limitations.

Dr. Ladd says that this is true largely of every individual man, considered as having mind—life; it is true in a broader way of the race, and adds, "Thus I am led to frame the conception of a possible, greatly advanced condition, or even an ideal life for the individual and for the race. This conception taken in connection with my faith in God and my belief that this is God's world, arouses and confirms the faith and hope in states of existence where this capacity shall be fully realized."

Fifth—is reason's argument from the pres-

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ent incompleteness of that development, man's realization of that incompleteness, the consciousness of his possibilities of greater attainments and his aspiration after a fuller, larger and more complete life than this world gives him.

When a man has apparently accomplished his best here; has reached the utmost point of development; has "weighed the stars in his formulæ; has snatched his secrets from the flaming guardianship of the sun"; has achieved the loftiest character; has met and overcome all obstacles—he realizes how little he has accomplished, how fragmentary his knowledge, and the highest aspirations of the mind:—

"Point to some world of endless, endless truth
Of life and light,
Where souls, renewed in an immortal youth,
Shall know the infinite."

While he realizes his limitations, yet he is conscious of his soul's power, and as he sees what has been accomplished by his own thought

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and by the thought of his fellows, he is convinced that:—

“It cannot be the brain that soared sublime
Into the heights and mysteries of time,
Now is a pulp in which corruption thrives,
Or on the fields a little leaven of lime!

“Something survives that scorns corruption’s
bands,
Something that worked through us its high
commands,
There is a spirit that moved behind the brain,
And somewhere there’s a Home not made with
hands.

“All that aspired at last shall find its mark;
See how each morn the little eager lark
Throbs up the sky, all hungry for the dawn,
And finds the punctual light behind the Dark.

“O soul, be sure that this must be God’s plan
To warm the germ of God concealed in man,
Till it outsoar in scorn the ended flesh,
As seeds the husk in which their life began.

“Thus by degrees, on secret promptings fed,
By sweet, divine illusions charmed and led,
Man pushes on in search of earthy good
Till losing earth, he finds God’s Heaven instead.

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"All, all leads up to what we do not see,
Powers that shall ripen, worlds that yet shall
be—

Time like a twilight swallowed up at last
In the broad radiance of eternity.

"All is not buried in the great abyss,
Brains that stored truth, and Love that found
its bliss
In death itself:—O God himself is not
So rich to bear such shameful waste as this."

Sixth—is reason's argument from the triumph of the spiritual man over a weakened and dying body. Many cases might be cited, but none more forceful than that of Sidney Lanier, the loved poet of our Southland. While he was a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, it is said that often he was carried from his carriage to his chair in the lecture room, and that those, who there heard him, "listened with a kind of fascinated terror, as if in doubt whether the hoarded life would last to the end of the hour."

During the last winter of the brave, strong earth life of this pure soul, when too feeble

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to raise his hand to his mouth, with a fever temperature of one hundred and four degrees, when the death shadow cast its darkness across his path, the soul rose superior to all bodily weakness, and sang its last and greatest poem, chanting not in minor strain of sorrow and of night, but looking to the daybreak, when the shadows flee away, and singing of the "Sun-rise."

It is dark, the tide's at full, the marsh is flooded with winding streams, which reflect the morning stars, and he stands there beneath the live oak, waiting for the dawn.

And then, as the light floods marsh and river and shore, he sings:—

" . . . I fear not, nay, and I fear not the
thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord, the
sun;
How dark, how dark soever the race that must
needs be run,
I am lit by the Sun."

Reason's argument is that the beginnings

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of death, that more and more weaken the body and finally overcome it, do not touch the soul, triumphing over all bodily weakness, so death itself cannot touch the soul.

Seventh—is reason's argument from the ethical instinct in man, that demands a world, where the balances of justice swing even. There is nothing in this world more evident than the maladjustment here of character and circumstances. Dives, selfish and forgetful, heaps up his riches; Lazarus, ragged and poor, lies at his gate; Herod reigns and John the Baptist is murdered in his prison cell; Nero is seated on the throne of empire, Peter is crucified and the beloved John an exile on Patmos lonely isle; Mary wears the crown of England, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer go to the martyrs' crowning; "Socrates is the best man in Athens and he is made to drink the fatal hemlock; Huss is the bravest man in Europe of his time, and he is burned at the stake; Paul is the most splendid char-

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acter of his age, and he is beheaded; Jesus Christ is the sovereign spirit in history, and He is crucified between two malefactors"; some of the world's children of light live in loneliness and darkness, some, who are unworthy are honored, applauded and flattered by their fellows; the world is full of wretched outcasts, sinners because they were sinned against, scorned by their fellows, while they who tempted are loved and praised; many know nothing in the earth life but suffering and sorrow; many sincere hearts are breaking because they are misunderstood, whose only comfort and hope is in looking toward that land; where there are

"No eyes that lose their lustrous light
With tears and vigils; nor the dread to part
Which under warm gold of Love's folded wing,
Makes lovers shudder; nor true love mistook,
Nor ill love entertained; nor ever doubt,
Where destined spirits meet; nor ever death
Of Love new born, heart holds abandoning;
But Love undying, undivided, pure,
Perfect, in finer bonds and nigher bound;

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Dearer delights and deeper joys;
Free souls linked as the Angels are, whose
breath is Love."

The whole rational structure of our moral consciousness demands that there shall be a world in which justice shall be done, wrongs shall be righted, rewards shall be administered, character shall find its legitimate, full expression and outcome, love shall have its perfect utterance, inequities shall be adjusted and misunderstandings cleared away. To doubt is to deny that God is and that this is His world.

This is reason's sevenfold, perfect argument, from the being of God and the being of man; of man in his relation to God, in his relation to his fellowman; of man, cherishing well nigh universally this blessed hope of immortality; of man, conscious of a lower and a higher life, coexistent here, and willingly sacrificing the lower to the higher; of man, capable of limitless development, but that de-

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velopment here incomplete; of man, unsatisfied and hungering for a fuller and larger life than this world can give him; of man, whose spiritual nature triumphs over mortal weakness; of man, whose conscience tells him that sometime, somewhere the balances of justice must swing even. And the argument is conclusive, unanswerable.

True, science finds no sensuous evidence of the immortality of the soul. Even if it did, doubt might decline such evidence, but "that which evidently must be, lies beyond doubt, except that doubt which is the suicide of reason," for reason tells us that it must be so, it must be so.

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LOVE'S ARGUMENT FOR THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



LOVE does not argue, love trusts, and love's argument for the hope of immortality is a deathless faith.

It is for this reason that in the child heart, where purest love, unsullied and unselfish, is found, there side by side grows in all its radiant beauty this "fragrant flower."

Until the child thought becomes influenced by the thought of older persons, it does not "think death." The little maid, in Wordsworth's "We are Seven," is a type of all children,

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

In "The Outlook" of December 3rd, 1904,

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Elizabeth McCracken has an article entitled "What Children Like to Read." She relates an incident of a little daughter of one of her friends, who is fond of memorizing verses.

"Sometimes, when coming to see me, she finds me alone and at leisure, she offers 'to say poetry' to me. One afternoon recently she came. She stood at the window for a time, looking silently out at the leaves whirling and rustling in the wind and at the trees dark against the sunset sky. 'Shall I say some poetry?' she asked, as I went over and stood beside her.

"'Please do,' I answered, and as I might have expected, she repeated 'The Death of the Flowers.' But until she reached the last stanza, she repeated it with more care for the words than for their significance. With the last stanza, however, her voice changed slightly. 'I love this part' she interrupted herself to say, before continuing:—

"'And when I think on one, who in her youthful
beauty died,

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The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded
by my side,
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the
forest cast its leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a
life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with
the flowers.’’

“‘Why do you like that part?’ I questioned.
‘It is so sad.’ The little girl gazed at me in
gentle amazement. ‘Do you think it is sad?’
she exclaimed softly. ‘I think it is comfort-
ing.’

“‘Comforting?’ I presently asked, with some
hesitation. ‘Why, yes’ said my little friend;
‘I think so. It makes me feel that she—
the little girl in the poem, you know—wasn’t
hurt by dying any more than the flowers are.
You know, they’ll all come alive in the spring.’”

Account for it as we may, this is the answer
that the consciousness of every “sensitive, in-
telligent, representative child” makes to the

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questionings that are raised by the mystery of death.

Wordsworth, in his great ode "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" accounts for it on the hypothesis that, as Dr. Gordon puts it, every soul "is a fresh creation from God's hand, a new being out of God's love, a spirit sent out of His heart on a human mission and with an outfit of latent powers which powers are afterwards the highest evidence of its divine origin and destiny; its power to reduce the world to the order of thought, its faculty of moral insight, its endowment of feeling, its capacity for immortal love."

The child's love and faith and unwavering hope of coming "alive in the spring" are according to the poet tokens of the noble origin of the soul and of its existence prior to this sensuous dream of time. His thought is that "the child soul arrives here, a bird of paradise, wearing upon its wings the blue of the eternal sky, and colored on breast and

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crest by the supernal beauty amid which it has lived; mysteriously it has migrated hither, a bright token of other and better worlds, and when it disappears in death it is but flight home to its native clime."

It is the thought of Genevieve Lucile Farnell, who sings of "Birth":—

"Let the winds play soft and the winds play
light

For a soul, for a soul that is born tonight.

Let us enter softly and kiss the feet

Of the mother lying pale and sweet.

Let us lift the infant from her face

And fold it in a close embrace;

Let us hold it far from where man has trod

Let us hold it up to the throne of God,

And pray with the strength of a deep desire,

Till He bends and He sends in a quivering fire

His breath through its soul like a wind swept

lyre.

Oh, the winds that are sweeping soft and light

For a spotless soul that is born tonight."

Wordsworth says of birth:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,

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Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

But though the light of the common day, bringing its world cares, its disappointments, its successes, its joys and its sorrows, its pleasures and its pains, does after awhile for a time obscure the greater light, it is only for "a little while." When there is an eclipse of the sun it does not mean that the sun is blotted out of the heavens; it only means that there is a temporary obstruction between it and us.

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Faith may sometimes seem to have perished, but it is only seeming, while love lives, faith cannot die.

“The darkened chamber held the maiden dead.
Her name was Faith. Of long neglect she died.
And now men rose and shook themselves and
cried:

‘O Faith come back—come back ere hope be
fled!’

But she lay silent on her solemn bed.

And men grew piteous at their prayer denied;
They said—‘No more is man allied;

We fall asunder—and the world,’ they said.
And while they talked, behold a gracious form,
‘We live and die together, she and I.’

So then he kissed her, and her flesh grew warm;

She woke and faced them with a ruddy glow,
If Love be living, Faith can never die.”

—*Edward Cracroft Lejroy.*

The love and faith of the child heart do not utterly perish. Love cannot die, and oftentimes by his love for a child, man is brought back to the love and faith of his childhood.

So it was with Emerson. In the “valley of the shadow” he sings:—

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"The south wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But o'er the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost he cannot restore;
And looking o'er the hills, I mourn
The darling, who shall not return."

For awhile he sorrows, as it were without hope, but as he realizes more and more that the highest love is not starved by the absence of its object, that it rather becomes more and more tender and spiritual, with more of the ideal in it; that communion with the unseen means truest correspondence with all we have loved and lost, if only our souls are responsive, Emerson is led to give as the basis of belief in the endless life "the conviction of the wisest and best souls in all history":—

"What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

As he looks "o'er the hills," he mourns

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“the darling, who shall not return,” but love’s eyes catch the “Light on the Hills” of which Frank L. Stanton so beautifully sings:—

“Dying they lifted his curly head,
And he looked to the East and, smiling said:—
 ‘Its light on the hills!’
And he went away in the morning bright,
With the last sweet quivering word of ‘Light’
On the lips Death kissed to a silence long—
So ends the sighing and so ends the song.

“And I think that Death, with his icy breath
Was kind to him; and I’m friend with Death
 For that light on the hills!
Back of it—back of it glooms the night,
Dark and lonely; but all was light
When his lips were laid in the silence long—
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

“If I remember his brief bright years
With a pang at the heart, with the falling of
 tears,
 There is light on the hills!
Though he sleeps beneath, and the light’s above
And something is lost to the world in love.
And heaven knows this; but it does no wrong—
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

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“‘There is light on the hills!’ So we sing, so we
say,
When God sends His angel to kiss it away—
There ~~is~~ light on the hills!
And we kneel in the darkness, and say that we
trust,
When heaven’s not as dear as our love in the
dust!
As the love that it reaps—that it keeps from us
long—
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.”

Through love and grief, Tennyson came to rest in that faith in immortality, which enabled him to say:—“I can hardly understand how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt the soul’s continuous progress in the after life.” His son, Hallam Tennyson, in his memoirs of his father tells us that he left his last religious poem as a final message to the world, “summing up the faith in which he had lived.”

No more interesting story has ever been written than the story of how Tennyson was led from doubt to faith, by the hand of love.

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He entered England's great university at a time when "doubt was becoming a fad and faith a form of folly," in an era of scepticism, of "sneers and paralyzing doubts" when even Arthur Hugh Clough, "with his rare intellect and deep religious nature, was bewildered and became, as Thomas Arnold said, 'the Hamlet of the nineteenth century.'" "In such an atmosphere," says Newell Dwight Hillis, in "Great Books as Life Teachers," "Tennyson passed his youth and maturity." But "He was a brave doubter, and was familiar with every attack that could be made upon Christ and Christianity. Becoming increasingly interested in nature and science, he fronted every form of materialism and agnosticism with every ideal substitute for God. Among his closest friends were Huxley and Tyndal, and by years of study he became almost a specialist in the principles of physics and biology. Later, Professor Norman Lockyer tells us he turned to astronomy and saturated his mind with the facts of that fascinating science."

Love's Argument for

The story of how, by the untimely death of his dearest friend Arthur Henry Hallam, life was suddenly turned from beauty to ashes, and the horror of great darkness swept over his soul, of how

“He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind.
He faced the specters of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith than was his own,”

has been too often told to need repetition here. The result is “In Memoriam,” characterized by Frederick W. Robertson as one of the most victorious songs that poet ever chanted. Love took him by the hand and led him out of the darkness into the light. Loss, inexpressible loss, opened the poet's eyes to the appalling fact of death. Love made him eager to believe in immortality and led him to that

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove,”

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so that he is able to say:—

“I wage no feud with death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth’s embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

“Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter’d stalks,
Or ruin’d chrysalis of one.

“Nor blame I Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

“For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He puts our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.”

and though he cannot hear his loved one’s
voice in audible speech, yet

“Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair,

Love's Argument for

"What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

"My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh:
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die."

This is the poet's thought, that though "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," we are not to lose our separate being, nor to lose the personal loves that have made that being so largely what it is.

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forever more,
Else earth is darkness to the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.
If Death were seen

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At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut."

This is love's argument, I have felt, I have loved. Love cannot die. Thackeray questions:—"If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?" and Tennyson answers:—

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'"

In "Beyond," Adelaide A. Proctor beautifully expresses the thought that love is the only permanent relationship among men, and the fact that the permanence is not an accident of it, but is of its very essence; that only when released from the mere magnetism of sense does it truly come into its largest life.

Love's Argument for

"We must not doubt, or fear, or dread that love
for life is only given,

And that the calm and sainted dead will meet
estranged and cold in heaven:—

Oh love were poor and vain indeed, based on
so harsh and stern a creed.

"Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her
science, learning, wealth and power—

Slow growths that through long ages came, or
fruits of some convulsive hour,

Whose very memory must decay—Heaven is
too pure for such as they.

"They are complete; their work is done. So let
them sleep in dreamless rest.

Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can
be, fully blest;

It has no room to spread its wings amid this
crowd of meaner things.

"Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweet-
ness here below,

The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody
baptism of woe,

Crowned and completed through its pain, we
know that it shall rise again.

"So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where
our air is dark and dense,

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And nothing in this world of night lives with
a living so intense;

When it shall reach its home at length—how
bright its light! how strong its strength!

“If in my heart I now could fear that, risen
again, we should not know

What was our Life of Life, when here,—the
hearts we loved so much below,—

I would arise this very day, and cast so poor
a thing away.

“But Love is no such soulless clod; living, per-
fected it shall rise

Transfigured in the light of God, and giving
glory to the skies:

And that which makes this life so sweet shall
render Heaven’s joy complete.”

Milton, who would unsphere

“The spirit of Plato, to unfold

What worlds or what regions hold

The immortal mind that hath forsook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook,”

sings of life and immortality, and it is Love
that tunes his harp:—

Love's Argument for

“Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of Him that walked
the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.”

Dante, led by the hand of love, through hell and purgatory to the heights of Paradise, learning the lesson that “our loves in higher loves endure,” love for God drawing him nearer to Beatrice and conversely love for Beatrice drawing him nearer to God, comes at last to the “Rose of the Blessed”—the great company of the redeemed, circling like

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petals of a rose, rank beyond rank, around the mystical lake of light, which reflects that "Light which no man has seen or can see." The saints of all ages are here, from Adam to St. Paul, and from the Virgin Mary to Beatrice. All the praises, which Dante has hitherto lavished upon the lady of his love fail now, he says, to give any adequate conception of her loveliness, as with him she ascends to the highest heaven, and he prays that grace may be given him so to utter what he there beholds that generations to come may catch some glimpse of the sublime vision:—

"O sovereign light! who dost exalt thee high
Above all thoughts that mortal can conceive,
Recall thy semblance to my mental eye,
And let my tongue record the wondrous story,
That I to nations yet unborn may leave
One spark at least of thy surpassing glory."

But the vision transcends all power of description. Only one thing is made plain,—and that is the greatest thing of all—in God, Light and Love are one:—

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"The glorious vision here my powers o'ercame;
But now my will and wish were swayed by
Love—
(As turns a wheel on every side the same)
Love—at whose word the sun and planets
move."

(Strong's "The Great Poets and Their Theology.)

He who enters into this glorious thought must recall the sonnet, "Celestial Passion," with which Richard Watson Gilder begins a little volume of his poems, a prayer sent by a deeply religious soul up among the stars to find the ear of God:—

"O white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood:
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath
Let not one taint remain in spirit or in blood.
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps,
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour.
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me, even as an urn, with thy white fire,
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!

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Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night—
So shall my days be full of heavenly light.”

For the power invoked behind the stars
through whose might must come the cleansing
and through whose guidance the soul attain
the light, one must read his “After Song”:—

“Through love to light, oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o’er the sea.
Through love to light, through light, O God, to
Thee,
Who art the Love of love, the eternal Light of
Light,”

and the beautiful prayer with which he closes
a volume of his songs:—

“O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in Thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done—we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light, from earth’s dull
gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.”

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As for Reason's argument for the hope of immortality we turn to the words of scientists, metaphysicians, theologians, philosophers, so for Love's argument we turn to the words of the poets. "The philosopher works by one method, the poet by another; still the common consciousness is the fountain at which both drink the water of life." "Philosophy seeks to verify, vindicate, prove its ideas; poetry on the other hand moves in a magnificent trust, and leaves its ideas to make way for themselves." Tennyson realizes this in "In Memoriam":—

"If these brief lays of sorrow born
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and questions here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.

"Her care is not to part or prove,
She takes, when harshest moods remit
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love."

All true poetry is confessional in character, and reveals the poet's own faith. William

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Ellery Channing, in "A Poet's Hope" declares that faith in a future life, richer, nobler and more full of service than the life of time:—

" , there is a hope that all men have,
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn, gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our race,
That when that fearful bourn forever past,
They may find rest,—and *rest* so long to last.

"I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,
My path is onward to the farthest shores,—
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountains swiftly
 pours,
Motionless not, until the end is won
Which now I feel has scarcely left the sun.

"To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
'Mid throngs of light winged angels sweeping
 far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited,
That tessellate the unseen, unthought star,
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam.

"Ah, caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly see—
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,

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Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry!
Your son, though blinded, hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

"O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

"I am not earth-born, though I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infinite powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal
hours:
I laugh, for hope hath happier place for me:
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."

There is a larger hope and more of triumphant faith in that brave poem of Browning, "Prospice." He speaks out of his own heart, tells us of his own prospect, inspires all who read with courage and confirms love's hope of meeting again its loved ones in the "Land o' the Leal":—

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“Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the stress of the storm,
 The post of the foe,
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear, in a visible
 form?
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle’s to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
 and forebore
 And let me creep past.
No! let me take the whole of it, fare like my
 peers,
 The heroes of old;
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life’s
 arrears,
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
 brave,
 The black minute’s at end,

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And the elements rage, the fiend voices that
 rave
 Shall dwindle and blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a
 joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be at rest."

Tennyson, too, "like Bunyan's pilgrim, went through the river singing, with this difference however, that the poet left behind him his victorious song":—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
 deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

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“For though from out our bourn of time and
place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

The Old Testament and
the Hope of Immortality.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



THOUGH nothing is truer than this, that the heart that loves must trust, that Love's argument for the hope of immortality is the realization of the truth of the Apostle's words, "Love never faileth," Love cherishes every argument that will confirm its faith and looks forward to the consummation of its hope.

Thoughts of "the river, the mystic river," of which Phoebe Cary sings:—

"But lying darkly between
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream
Crossed ere we reach the light,"

have sometime filled all hearts that know the sorrow of separation with the desolate sadness, which all have felt, but none can describe.

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Such thought was in the heart of Jean Ingelow, when she wrote "Divided." It is the story of two lovers, who began life together at the spring from which flowed the river of time, from which at first

"Drop by drop there filtered and slid
A tiny bright beck that trickled between."

Side by side, hand in hand, while sunshine and flowers filled the earth with beauty and their hearts with gladness, together they came to

"the youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, 'Let us follow it westerling.'"

So they began life's journey and went forward singing,

"Till one steps over the tiny strand.

"The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin our songs all done.
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

"He prays, 'Come over'—I may not follow;
I cry, 'Return'—but he cannot come:—

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- "No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow;
Come to me now, for the west is burning
Come ere it darkens! 'Ah, no! Ah, no!'
- "Then cries of pain, and arms out reaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and
weep.
- "And yet I know, past all doubting truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yes better—e'en better than I love him.
- "And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'"

The poet's figure of the river of time, rather than of the river of death dividing, conveys the true thought. Time divides. Death unites. Time's stream separating loved and loving hearts does seem to grow wider. Intuition, reason and love throw their bridges over the dividing stream, uniting the im-

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mortal shores with earth, and loving thoughts cross and recross.

Revelation too spans the rushing river, confirming the intuitions of the soul, authenticating reason's argument and assuring love's faith, that again the river shall grow narrower, the heaven-side banks draw nearer the earthly shores and loved ones long parted pass to the further side, to meet in glad reunion in that happy land

“Whose green turf hides no grave.”

And this is true of the revelation contained in both the Old and New Testaments. Some have claimed that there is no ground for the hope of immortality to be found in the Old Testament. A recent writer has said, “The absence of the belief in the doctrine of immortality is one of the marked characteristics of its teachings.” Another, a popular preacher, whose sermons have been read by tens of thousands, speaking of the first book of the Bible, asks “What are the black lines

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that run through the pages of Genesis? These are the early funerals of the race—Sarah buried in the field of Ephron, in the cave of the field of Machpelah; Rachel buried in the way to Ephrath; Abraham laid to rest by the side of Sarah, in the land of Heth; Jacob going on his last journey to join Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah and Leah. So long ago did men die. So soon were graves dug in the earth and empty places left in the household! Ever since, the funeral march has never ceased. Well trodden is the road that runs to the grave, a hard path, solid as lead; without a flower in all its weary miles—the road that every human foot must tread. Poor burials they were in that far away time. Mere burials, solemn farewells! Yet nothing of dignity is wanting, nothing of noble pomp, of ceremonial reverence. But where is the resurrection trumpet? Where the speech of immortality? Where the oath of reunion? Where the flower that can not fade? Ah me; they are not in Genesis.”

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Notwithstanding this questioning, he, who seeks here for ground for the hope of immortality will find it. He will find not only that, as Dr. Abram S. Isaacs, Editor of the Jewish Messenger, so beautifully expresses it, "the forget-me-nots of ethical and religious teaching that bloom amid the formal statutes and ordinances in the earliest period of Jewish history are of wonderful suggestiveness"; that "the very purpose of the law to insure moral perfection presupposes another life." In the Pentateuch, he will find this flower that cannot fade, not only in root and bud, but in fragrant blossom as well.

How any one can enter the garden described in the second chapter of Genesis and not find this "fragrant flower," it is not easy to comprehend. The immortality of man could not be more positively, more plainly, more clearly declared than in the wonderful words:—

"So God created man in His own image."

"And Jehovah Elohim breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives, and man became a living soul."

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We look upon man in the perfection of his being, with his erect form, his expressive eye, his skillful hand—his majesty and power in the one sex, his beauty in the other—and these call forth the heart's admiration and lead to praise of Him, who hath made us, but in none of these do we find the image of God. For the image of God in man is not in the body, however perfect its organization; it is not in the animal soul, however wonderful its faculties. God's image in man is in that which is higher, nobler. "That which is born of flesh, is flesh," is mortal. "That which is born of spirit, is spirit." God is Spirit. God is Immortal. In this is man's likeness to God, "Jehovah Elohim (The Living One) breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives." Together with that vital principle, which he has in common with other animals, God gave him a life that is deathless, unaffected by the death of the body. In God's image, man is immortal.

From the Pentateuch, our Lord Jesus Christ

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drew the argument with which He answered the Sadducean materialists, who not only denied but scoffed at the doctrine of the resurrection, interpreting forever the meaning of the passage which He quoted and leaving without excuse any who fail to find in the Pentateuch ground for the hope of immortality.

When they came questioning, He put them to silence, by appealing to the books of the Law, authority by them unquestioned:—

“Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. As touching the dead, that they rise, have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush, God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him.”

The argument that Christ uses so convincingly is this, and it is conclusive, God said—not I was, but I am. God would never have called Himself the God of Abraham,

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Isaac and Jacob, if these patriarchs had passed into nothingness. If the Sadducees were right; nothing remained of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, save a few handfuls of desert dust. If the Sadducees were right, there was an end of them and of the divine faithfulness. He had been their God, their only God. In Him they had put their trust. He had loved them. He had made them many promises. If the Sadducees were right, the love of God can come to an end, His promises fail of fulfillment. Dead men imply a dead God, a contradiction. A living God can be the God only of living men. Because God loves, man whom He loves must live. There are many arguments that go to prove immortality, but this is chief, that God loves man, delights in him, and would be Himself bereaved and spend a desolate eternity, if death robbed Him of the spirits that trust Him.

Judaism, through all its history, from "Mosa-

ism to Prophetism, from Rabbinism to the re-

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ligion of Israel today," has held tenaciously its faith in immortality. True, there were Sadducees among the Jews, as there are materialists in the Christian world today, but the Sadducees were a relatively small class, and it is possible that even they did not deny the doctrine of immortality except as to the resurrection of the body. (Isaacs.) No Sadducean literature exists from which their views may be definitely known. The Pharisees, with their unwavering belief in the resurrection of the dead, made up the mass of Israel. Their sacred books, especially the Talmud, the Midrash and the books of the Old Testament, are full of it.

The teaching of the Old Testament inspired such utterances of living faith as are found in the Apocrypha:—in the Wisdom of Solomon, 5 : 15, 16, "The righteous live forevermore. . . . They shall receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand"; and in 2 Maccabees 7 : 7–9, where in the story of the seven sons, who met death

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rather than deny their faith, it was said, "Thou like a fury takest us out of the present life, but the King of the world shall raise us up who have died for his laws, to everlasting life."

The faith, gleaned from the Old Testament by the pious fathers of the nation, inspired the Pharisees of New Testament times to such confessions of faith as were made by Martha by the graveside of her brother Lazarus, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day," and of Paul before Agrippa, "After the most straightest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged by the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

This faith led Maimonides, a celebrated

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Rabbi, who lived from 1135 to 1204, to say in his commentary on the Mishna (Sanhedrin), the most authoritative of the books of the Tradition, which denies future salvation to him, "who asserts that the resurrection is not taught in the Law": "The coming-to-life of the dead is the basis of the fundamental principles of Moses, our teacher, and there is no religion or adherence to the Jewish religion in him who believeth not this." This faith prompted Dr. Herman Adler to say, "Even as this hallowed volume (the Old Testament) does not seek to demonstrate the existence of God by labored processes of thought, but assumes it as an indisputable verity in its initial words, thus it does not attempt to prove the doctrine of a life hereafter. But such strong indirect allusions pervade the Hebrew Scriptures that the truth must force itself upon every unprejudiced reader, that the immortality of the soul formed an integral portion of Jewish belief from the most ancient times."

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This faith led Dr. Edersheim to say, "The hope of the Resurrection-world appears in almost every religious utterance of Israel. It is the spring bud on the tree, stript by the long winter of disappointment and persecution. This hope pours its morning carol into the prayer, which every Jew is bound to say on awakening; it sheds its warm breath over the oldest of the daily prayers, which date from before the time of our Lord; in the formula 'from age to age,' 'world without end,' it forms so to speak the rear guard of every prayer, defending it from Sadducean assault. . . . only our ignorance fails to perceive it in every section of the Bible, and to hear it in every commandment of the Law."

To the books of Moses, the Law, the Rabbis of old turned for the ground of their faith in immortality.

In the *Psachim*, folio 68, col. 1, it is argued that the words, "I kill and make alive," Deuteronomy 32: 39, mean "not as in the course

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of nature one generation dies and another is made alive, but as the text proceeds: 'I wound and I heal,' one and the same person. Here is an answer to those who maintain that the revivification of the dead cannot be proved from the Law."

In the *Kiddushim*, folio 39, col. 2, occurs this argument; "Rabbi Yacob said, 'Every precept contained in the Law, to which a reward is expressly attached, must depend for the bestowal of the latter upon the revivification of the dead. Otherwise, suppose one mounts a ladder, in obedience to his father's wish, empties a nest, after having "let the dam go," and then falls down and dies, how are the promises fulfilled, that "his days may be prolonged" (Deut. 5 : 16), and that it may be well with him (Deut. 22 : 7), if there be no revivification of the dead?'"

Of the meaning of Exodus 6 : 3, 4, Rabbi Simai says, "It is not said, to give *you* but to give *them*; whereby the resurrection of the

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dead appeareth out of the Law." Rabbi Manasseh ben Israel argues, "God said to Abraham, I will give to thee and to thy seed after thee the land wherein thou art a stranger; but Abraham did not possess that land, wherefore it is of necessity that they should be raised up to enjoy the good promises, else God's promise would be vain."

In the *Sanhedrin*, folio 90, col. 2, it is related that certain Sadducees and Epicureans came to Gamaliel, and asked "How dost thou prove that the Holy One, blessed be He! will revivify the dead?" He adduced many proofs from the Law, the Prophets and the Hagiographa, but they were not satisfied until he cited Deuteronomy 1: 8, "Behold I have set the land before you; go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to give unto them and their seed after them," "arguing that as the patriarchs during their lifetime did not possess the land of Canaan, and God's promise is not made in vain, they must again rise

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from the dead to dwell in the land. And now the Sadducees were convinced."

In the *Kethuboth*, folio 111, col. 1, it is said "There is meaning in the words, 'And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place' (Genesis 47: 30). Our father Jacob knew that he was perfectly righteous, and therefore entitled to revivification; but he feared lest, if buried in Egypt, he should not be counted worthy of attaining to that blessing. . . . The same fears were entertained by Joseph."

This belief of the fathers that the hope of immortality was the motive prompting Joseph to exact of his brethren an oath, "Swear that you will carry my body to the sepulchre of my fathers, to the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob rest," is confirmed by the fact that in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the "Westminster Abbey of the Old Testament saints," the inscription written by the pen of inspiration over his tomb commemorates

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not his devotion to his father, his magnanimity toward his brethren, the wisdom of his rulership, nor even his integrity in the hour of temptation, but his mighty faith, faith that looked beyond the departure of the tribes to a day farther distant, when the tombs of earth shall be unsealed and death's bondsmen freed forever.

"By faith, Joseph when he died made mention of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning his bones."

In Sakhara, not far from the great pyramid of Pharaoh Apophis, is a tomb, prepared for a prince. The name and titles of him who was to have been its occupant are in hieroglyphics upon it. The name is "Eitsuph," and among the titles are "Director of the king's granaries" and "Abrech," an Egyptian title meaning "Bow the knee." By many this is supposed to have been the tomb prepared for Joseph by the Pharaoh, who "knew" him, who honored him in life and would have honored him dead. But to him,

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interment in the most splendid tomb, surrounded by magnificent palaces, sculptured temples and mighty pyramids, side by side with Egypt's greatest kings, was not for a moment to be compared with burial in that humble cave in Canaan, where reposed the ashes of his fathers.

Will that all powerful, natural and worthy sentiment, that causes every man to feel that his truest home is still by the graves of his loved ones, so that wherever he wanders, his heart "returns thither, as the eye of the sailor to the pole-star," the sentiment, which led to the placing in the coffin of Emperor Dom Pedro, dying far from home and native land, a handful of earth from Brazil, that he might rest in his last sleep upon the soil of his fatherland; will this sentiment account for the pledge exacted by Joseph from his brethren? Sentiment such as this may well explain the desire that filled his heart, but it is not enough to account for the inspired record of that desire as an act of faith. The only explanation

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must be that Joseph in his anxiety with regard to his grave, evidenced his belief in the resurrection of the body.

This is confirmed as the only explanation by the further word written in the same connection, not only of Joseph, but of all of whose faith mention is made in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—

“These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.”

In these words, the apostle does not hesitate to attribute to all the children of faith

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under the Old Testament an insight into the spiritual purposes of God, an understanding that "a great scheme of pictorial truth was being brought before their eyes, even to the facts of their external history. They dwelt in tents, because they knew that there were mansions in store for them." In all their wandering, they looked forward to the distant homeland and the home coming, with feelings akin to those expressed in the sweet old German poem, and shared by the children of faith in all ages:—

“‘Heimgang!’ So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some grey old steeple
Death’s familiar tale to tell:
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers’ chanting surges
‘Heimgang!’ Always—Going home.

“‘Heimgang!’ Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanchthon’s praying
And the hymns that Luther sung:

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Blessed is our living Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Shall we journey toward God's acre,
'Heimgang!' Always—Going Home.'

Turning from the books of the Law to that great dramatic poem, the book of Job, one of the oldest, if not the oldest book in the world, one is almost startled to find here the majestic confession of the hope of immortality, that early had a place in the liturgies of the Christian Church, and through the centuries, to this day, is uttered over every open grave as the expression of her faith in the glorious resurrection of the body.

As we read the poetical history of this great and good man, who was without the knowledge, which men have today, of a universal, intuitional hope of immortality, with no written revelation to inspire to faith, it is not to be wondered that he questioned:—"If a man die, shall he live again?" Yes, there is occasion for surprise that any questioning arose

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in his heart. All human experience was adverse to such a hope.

“A tree cut down may sprout again,
Its tender branch will not cease.
Though its root wax old in the earth
And its stock die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of the water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dies and wastes away,
Breathes out his life, and where is he?
The waters pour out of the sea,
The river dries up and fails;
So man lies down and rises not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not
awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep.”

So reasons this man of suffering—man’s appropriate emblem is not the flower that “will come alive in the spring,” but the waters of a lake that have been dried up, a mountain torrent that has forsaken its bed. So man comes not again.

Yet in spite of the verdict of sense and experience, there is in the heart of this man of

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long ago a yearning desire implanted that it might not be so:—

“O that in Sheol, thou wouldest hide me;
In secret thou wouldest keep me,
Until thy wrath be past;
Wouldest appoint me a set time,
And wouldest remember me.
If a man die,
Shall he live again?
All the days of my warfare,
Would I await my renewal.
Shouldest thou call,
I would answer thee;
Thou wouldest have a yearning
To the work of thine hands.”

For a moment it seems almost as if hope is born in his heart at the thought, struggling to take possession of him, that God Himself could not be happy, if man, His noblest work, upon whom He had placed the stamp of His own likeness, must lie forever in the dust. But the thought passes like the flashing of a meteor, and again his soul is in darkness. “Like Moses on the summit of Mt. Pisgah,

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looking out over Jordan toward the promised land; . . . this great prophetic soul, with his vision clarified through suffering, having been set down by the grave's mouth, looked across the dark Hadean world, and described the resurrection life beyond. But alas, like the Pisgah glimpse of Canaan, the beatific vision was not of long duration. It was a momentary parting of the veil before the undiscovered country—nothing more." Dissolution and decay is the only law with which he is familiar, and so it must be with man.

"Surely the mountain falling
Cometh to nought;
The rock is removed out of its place;
The waters wear the stones;
The overflowing thereof
Washes away the dust of the earth;
And thou destroyest the hope of man."

It is the declaration of the Shakespeare of the Old Testament that:—

"The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

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Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Dark, hopeless, cheerless was his life. Forsaken by his wife, estranged from his neighbors, abandoned by his servants, scoffed at by thoughtless children; by bodily disease and mental anguish reduced to a skeleton, loathsome to himself and the contempt of all others; to every outward sense, before him there could be nothing but cheerless despair, and death, and the grave.

Suddenly, through the gathering gloom streamed the radiance of the star of hope and the night is gone forever. Disease may continue, friends may scorn, misjudge and forsake, the body may die, even God himself may seem to hide His face, but

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand
At the last above my dust;

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And after I shall awake,
Though this body be destroyed,
Yet out of my flesh
Shall I see God,
Whom I, even I shall see on my side,
And mine eyes shall behold
And not him as a stranger."

That this glorious hope had come to Job as an immovable conviction is evidenced by his desire that his words might not only be preserved in a book, but chiselled upon the mountain rock and filled with lead, to defy the ravages of time. Perhaps he did not understand as do those to whom has come the fuller revelation, how that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed" in all the children of God; perhaps his faith did not fully grasp the great fact of the resurrection of the body, yet to him it is certain there arose in the twilight of the world's dawn the bright star of hope of personal immortality, to shine through all the night of time to cheer the hearts of men.

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Abraham, Jacob and Joseph, in faith looked for the dawn of the day of hope. Its morning star shone through the vanishing darkness, enlightening the pathway of the patriarch of the land of Uz. Brighter and brighter grew the morning, until the eyes of Israel's poet king caught in the east the glow of the rising sun.

Jehovah, the Living One is his God. The longing of Job that "thou wouldest have a desire to the work of thine hands" is the settled conviction of his heart. Waking or sleeping, living or dying, in this world and beyond, he cannot be absent from the "precious thoughts" of God:—

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep:
For thou, LORD, only makest me to dwell in
safety."

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked;
For the LORD sustained me."

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

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If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there.
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art
there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm
me,
And the light about me shall be night;
Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day;
The darkness and the light are both alike to
thee."

.
"Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me and know my thoughts:
And see if there be any way of wickedness in
me,
And lead me in the way everlasting."

There is a way that shall not end, a path
of life that shall grow "brighter and brighter
unto the perfect day." Death is not to man
a dark *cul de sac* from which there is no out-
let. What we call death is the gateway to
immortal life.

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"There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

The shadows on the earthly path may veil,
but cannot hide the light beyond. "Yea,
though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou
art with me," "the darkness shall not over-
whelm me." Well has Whittier caught the
inspiration of the sweet singer of Israel.

"I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvels or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

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“And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

“No offering of my own I have,
No works of faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

“And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

The Psalmist looks beyond the “valley of the shadow,” and though he knows not what shall be, yet he knows, with Isaiah, the prophet of the evangel, that “ear hath not heard, neither hath eye seen what God hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him,” and prompted by the feeling of saving and indissoluble union with God that fills his soul, confi-

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dent that the Lord is supremely good and is always with him, he looks forward with joy, singing:—

“I have set the LORD always before me:
Because he is at my right hand,
I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad,
And my glory rejoiceth:
My flesh also shall rest in hope,
For thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol,
Nor suffer thy holy one to see corruption.
Thou wilt show me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
At thy right hand are pleasures forever more.”

Oehler in “The Theology of the Old Testament” says that even Hupfeld frankly admits that it would empty these words of their meaning to see in them only a confidence of deliverance from mortal peril, and adds, “the idea that the righteous must at last succumb to death and Sheol, and that their happiness in God is to be thereby terminated, is at such moments an impossible one to the Psalmist.” He has found the eternal sweetness of grati-

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tude and trust in Jehovah, and his faith breaks forth in exultant strain:—

“Whom have I in heaven but thee?

And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:

But God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.”

“As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:

I shall be satisfied, when I awake,

With thy likeness.”

This is his confidence, that He, whom he has loved and trusted here, unseen, he shall there behold face to face. In Him and what He has in store, he knows that he shall be fully satisfied. Whatever is necessary to his highest happiness shall be his forever. Of that “Day of Satisfaction,” Dr. Horatius Bonar beautifully sings:—

“When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,

After whose dawning never night returns,

And with whose glory day eternal burns,

I shall be satisfied.

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“When I shall see thy glory face to face,
When in Thy arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

“When I shall meet with those whom I have
loved,
Clasp in my arms the long removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

.

“When I shall gaze upon the face of Him,
Who for me died, with eyes no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

“When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows over-
cast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied.

“When every enemy shall disappear,
The darkness, unbelief and fear;
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe
the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

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“When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied.”

The Hebrew prophets were among the wise men, who followed this bright star of hope and were led toward the sunrising. Not only is it true that “the background of prophecy is in itself a vast promise of eternal life”; that “we can see the coherence of the faith in immortality with the general view of the world entertained by them.” Not only is it true that “the three ideas of the great Hebrew thinkers—the righteous character and government of God, the maladjustment of character and circumstances in this world, and the suffering of the just for the unjust—constitute a premise from which only one conclusion can be drawn”—and that conclusion, the immortal life.

That these prophets themselves arrived at that conclusion is evident from many a mighty word.

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First among these is the word of Isaiah, (25:8):—"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." That there is here a reference to the restoration of Judah from its death state of captivity, and the wiping away of the tears shed by the captives, when they hung their harps upon the willows "by the rivers of Babylon," is not to be questioned. But the words have larger meaning. They must be read in connection with the words of St. Paul and the word of the Revelation:—

"When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, *then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away"; together with the prophet's own exultant shout, "Thy dead shall live; my

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dead shall arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

Hosea, too, utters the prophetic word of hope, "I will ransom thee from the power of the grave; I will redeem thee from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

The prophet Ezekiel is led in a vision to a valley of dry bones. To the Lord's question, "Son of man, will these bones live?" he replies, "Lord God, thou knowest." A noise is now heard and there is a shaking; next follows a reanimation through means indicated by the prophet, the bones first approaching each other and then becoming covered with sinews and flesh, and then the breath of life coming from the four winds into these slain, when they stand up reanimated, an exceeding great army. "These bones," it is now said, "are the whole house of Israel. Behold they say our bones are dried, and our hope is lost: we are cut off. Therefore prophesy and say

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unto them, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel; then shall ye know that I am the Lord: and I will put my Spirit in you that you may live." It is probable that the words of the seer are only a prophecy of the restoration of the covenant people, but the symbolism employed and the analogy existing between the reviving of a hopelessly dead nation and the resurrection of man clearly shows that not only to the prophet had come foregleams of the great light, but that he was writing to those, who in some measure, at least, could understand his immortal hope.

Few have questioned the fact that the resurrection of the dead is taught in Daniel XII. The prophet foretells "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation," and then declares that "at that time, every one that is found written in the book" (i. e., the book of life) "shall be delivered, and many of them that sleep in the

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dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt; and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." True, the thought of all the prophets, except Daniel, was in harmony with that of Isaiah in his Ode to the Just, that this immortal hope was only for the righteous dead. The revelation had not yet made clear the great doctrine that "in Christ shall all be made alive." Their teaching is in harmony, however, with all the thought of the New Testament, when that thought is rightly understood, that only the way of righteousness leads to true blessedness in the land beyond. Grace Aguilar, in her "Jewish Faith," expresses this truth in "a paragraph of singular moral beauty": "The more we give the soul or spirit ascendancy while on earth, and so advance it more in the knowledge of our God and His unseen worlds, the better are we prepared for the

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higher and purer state of being, which we know awaits us, and the higher shall we rank amidst those immortal hosts of heaven, which surround the throne. We dare not hope to attain spiritual felicity in heaven, if we strive not for it on earth, or realize its blessedness, unless the awakened and ripened intellect has led the spirit to contemplate its own."

It is the thought underlying the verses, published in the New York Independent, soon after a sad accident, which occurred at the Brooklyn bridge, some years ago. By the failure of many of the thronging multitude to observe the law of the road, a panic caused the death of a number of people. A placard was afterward hung up with the injunction "Keep to the Right, and Keep Moving."

"Light and long, white and strong, hung the
bridge out of reach,

Like a thought that hangs over the waters of
speech.

'Yes, thy cables are strong, but they will not
compare

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With the cord that binds me to a heart over
there.'

Thus I talked, as I walked o'er the bridge, hang-
ing high

In the night, like a spirit, twixt river and sky;
'Thy sinews will break, and thy towers crumble
down,

But never my bridge to a heart in yon town.'

"'Keep to the right and keep moving,' it said —
The little white card, like a stone for the dead—
The dead, who but yesterday, 'neath a blue sky,
Heard laughter and jest drown their muffled
death cry.

Then it sang in the wind, and was lisped by the
river;

And the words in the wires of the bridge seemed
to quiver;

And it gleamed in the stars, as if nature were
proving

The motto of 'Keep to the right and keep mov-
ing.'

"A pathway is swung o'er an untraveled river;
It reaches from now to the Ever and Ever,
And the night hears my wonder, my question,
my prayer;

'Shall I meet with the heart that I love over
there? ' "

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THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.



UMANITY has always and everywhere cherished an almost universal, intuitional hope of immortality; to some God-illuminated hearts in Old Testament times there came foregleams of the fuller light of His revelation of the resurrection-life; but until the advent of Him, of whom it is said, "the sunrising from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace," the light was dim and often obscured by clouds of doubt and uncertainty. Until the light streamed from that open tomb, whose seal was broken by the might of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Conqueror of death, the glorious resurrection-life of man was not fully manifested and the hope of immortality assured, immortality of soul, immortality of body, the immortality of man.

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The intuitional belief of man goes with him to his graves, and he hopes that they will give up their dead. Reason's argument and Love's trust stand with him to assure him that his hope is well founded, but Doubt whispers that even Reason and Love, mighty as they are, are not strong enough to break the bonds of death; that the body cannot so be raised.

That it was so with the ancient Egyptians is evidenced by a song, addressed to the prince and priest Neferhotep by his surviving friends, and left by them in his tomb:—

“Seest thou those dwellings and their fallen
walls?

Their place is no more,

And they are as if they had never been.

No one cometh from thence to tell us what has
become of them,

To strengthen our heart,

Till it too approach the place whither they
have gone.

.
Let not thy heart sink;

Follow thy desire and thy joy,

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As long as thou livest on the earth,
Trouble not thy heart,
Till the day of mourning cometh to thee.
Yet he whose heart is still heareth not their
 mourning,
And he who lieth in the grave perceiveth not
 their sadness.
With shining face celebrate the glad day,
And rest not therein.
For no man taketh his goods with him,
Yea none returneth that is gone thither."

So it was with the Greeks, who held perhaps in its purest form this natural hope of the soul's immortality. Prof. Paul Shorey, in "The Greek Thought of the Future Life," says that the attitude of the Greeks and Romans in the presence of death may be summed up in the words, "wistful questioning, resignation, calm"; that the pathetic, doubtful "If" introduces many of the inscriptions on their tombs—"If Lethe and Tartarus are not the end of all"; "If aught of grief or love avail to move the everlasting silence of the grave"; "If any consciousness abides among the dead, O my child." The same writer

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says, "Despite the reasoning of philosophers and the revelations of the mysteries, the Hades of the average Greek resembled the shadowy limbo to which Dante consigns the souls of great men born before Christ—their sole punishment, 'that without hope we languish in desire.'" Even Plato, with his three proofs of the immortality of the soul, can only say:—"To attain to certainty about such a matter in this life is hard or impossible; failing that, it becomes a man to take the best and most irrefragable of human theories and let this be the raft on which he sails through life, unless he can find some safer and surer vehicle—some word of God to convey him." Yes, a mightier word and stronger arm must come to the graves of earth to call and *raise* the dead to immortal life.

Man may stand by the graves of earth, with the patriarchs, in the twilight of revelation's dawning, and may not see the light, yet shining but dimly. He asks the question,

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"If a man die, shall he live again?" One replies, "The answer is not in the Law. This flower that cannot fade is not found in Genesis." Another answers, "In these latter times, many scholars have asserted without fear of contradiction that we cannot find in the Old Testament any positive indication of a general belief in immortality before the time of Daniel." Another asserts, "The prophets do not proclaim the future life of the soul." He knows that this latter claim is untenable, that many lofty souls, as Isaiah and Job, and Hosea, and David, and Ezekiel, in moments of high spiritual exaltation, rejoiced in what seemed to be a great light, leading to an immortal hope. But doubt whispers, perhaps that which they took for the light of a star was but the misleading light of an ignis fatuus, deceiving. Even for them the light did not shine clearly, and again and again they returned to their questioning, Man must have more than the word of Jacob and of Joseph, of Job and of David, of Isaiah and Hosea, of

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Ezekiel and Daniel, to make certain his hope of the resurrection-life.

Shall that mightier *word* be spoken? Shall a more powerful *hand* be stretched forth? Shall a mightier *king*, with power to conquer death and spoil it of its prey, *descend* into the graves of earth, and raise to immortal life those whom death has stricken?

There are few who have failed to see in the utterances of Jacob, the patriarch prophet, more than a general reference to the supremacy of Judah among the tribes of Israel:—

“Judah thou! Thy brethren shall praise thee!
Thy *hand* is on the neck of thine enemies
.
A lion’s whelp is Judah;
From the prey, my son, thou art gone up:
.
The sceptre shall not depart from Judah,
Nor the ruler’s staff from between his feet.”

Few have failed to realize that in the words, followed by the patriarch’s expression of hope

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in dying, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," there is a deeper spiritual meaning than they could have, if related to that which is merely temporary in character. Many have caught the spiritual import of the words of the dying patriarch, and base their hope of the resurrection of the body in the strength of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah

The New Testament connects these words of the patriarch directly with the Christian hope of immortality and points to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah as the Conqueror of death and the grave: "Weep not:—Behold the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed." (Rev. 5:5). "He was slain," He descended into the grave, but "it was not possible that he should be holden of death." His resurrection is the basal fact for the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. No longer are we in the region of doubt or questioning; the star of hope that shone for

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the prophets is eclipsed by the glory of the greater light; the full orb'd day has come.

This is the truth central in the teaching of every New Testament writer—"He is Risen! He is Risen indeed!" In the New Testament is to be found both reason's argument and love's argument for the hope of immortality, but the great bed-rock foundation for the New Testament doctrine is in the mighty fact that One has risen.

The fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians is the one great argument to be found in the Scriptures for the doctrine of immortality and the resurrection. St. Paul employs reason's argument from analogy, "Some will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what *body* do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that *body* that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God *giveth it a body* as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own *body*." The seed is sown, it is decomposed,

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but the life in it does not die. The natural body is laid in the grave; it passes away; but the life in it does not die. All life is indestructible.

“All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes and another of birds.” With our knowledge of the varied forms of bodily life on earth, it is not to be wondered that the Apostle calls him a foolish man, who limits the power of God, by thinking it a thing incredible that beyond and nobler than this mortal dust there is a spiritual body.

“There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory.” Celestial bodies and terrestrial bodies present contrasts far broader and on a larger scale than do even the bodies of men, and birds and fishes. “In the immensities

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of space, crowded as they are with innumerable worlds, the Creator has organized matter into forms infinitely various; and reckoning of His power from these, and of His love from the career of Christ, it is the climax of folly to set bounds to the forms that His goodness and might may bring into being."

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. *There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.*"

St. Paul employs reason's argument from man's consciousness of a lower and a higher life co-existent here, and of his willing sacrifice of the lower to the higher:—"Why stand we in peril every hour? I protest by your rejoicing, which I have in Jesus Christ our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?

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let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Not only at Ephesus, but in many another city Paul had come into conflict with beast-like men. He faced death daily in carrying out his commission to preach—what? The resurrection. It is not a question of a heroic soul suffering gladly for truth's sake, and gladly dying for a noble cause. Thus such men as Paul must act, whether there be advantage or disadvantage, whether or not there be a future life. But if the dead rise not, why make such sacrifices for a false idea. Cicero in his *Tusculan Disputations* carries this argument further and says that "no one would be so mad as to live in labor and perils if our instinctive anticipations of future life were taken away."

In writing to the Romans, St. Paul employs the highest argument that love can use, not it is true basing it upon the longing and trust of human love, but upon the higher love of God:—"I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor

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powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord"; and St. John completes the argument, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. . . . Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

With sublime confidence, the writers of the New Testament affirm the fact of immortality and the resurrection. Writing to the Corinthians (Second Epistle 1:9), St. Paul declares, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God, who raiseth the dead"; and to Titus (1:2) of "the hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" and St. John (First Epistle, 2:25) declares, "And this is the promise that

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he hath promised us, even eternal life," and writing to the Corinthians (Second Epistle 5:1) St. Paul says, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; and in the First Epistle to the Corinthians (15:53) "This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality."

They ground this hope of man's immortality and resurrection always and everywhere on the resurrection of Jesus, of whom St. Paul affirms in writing to the Romans (1:4) that He is "declared to be the Son of God with power . . . by the resurrection from the dead." This mighty fact is the foundation for the greatest argument that ever came from the tongue or pen of man justifying the resurrection hope, the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. St. Paul is writing to a people, who, on the evidence adduced, believed in the resurrection of Jesus,

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but doubted man's immortality and resurrection. His argument is:—"If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. But now *is* Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Upon this same ground, St. Paul affirms the certainty of the resurrection, in 1 Cor. 6:14; 2 Cor. 4:14; Romans 6:5, 8, 9; Romans 8:11; 1 Thess. 5:10; and 2 Timothy 2:8, 11. St. Peter (First Epistle 1:2) places this blessed hope on the same ground, "Blessed

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be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." St. John, too (First Epistle 5:11), adds "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son."

Not only is this the central affirmation of nearly all the Epistles, but from the record it is evident that the Apostles regarded the preaching of the Resurrection as the great object of their mission. When St. Peter proposed the appointment of a successor to Judas, (Acts 1:21, 22) it is with these words, "Wherefore of these men, who have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection." In every recorded public speech of the Apostle Paul, at Antioch in Pisidia, at Athens; to the multitude when he was taken prisoner at Jerusalem; in the presence of the high

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priest, of Felix, of Festus, of Agrippa, this is the central truth emphasized. His own perfect confidence is manifested in his words to the Philippians (1:21, 23) "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. . . . For I am in a strait betwixt two having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better"; and in his final word of triumph, as he is about to "cross the bar," and "meet his pilot face to face" (2 Timothy 4:6-8), "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Through all the Gospels rings the music of this blessed hope, like the notes of a sweet toned bell. We hear it in every thought of the great Teacher, as in the Gospels, He re-

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veals to men the love of God. We hear it in the parables of the wandering sheep and the lost piece of money. We hear it in the story of the prodigal, who is recovered "through a sense of evil and the fadeless memory of a father's home." We hear it in the love tones of that father, welcoming the home coming of the wandering boy. We hear it, as the Teacher of the truth of God to man tells of that wondrous scene in the eternal world, when "The King shall say . . . 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me,' when they shall answer him saying, 'Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in, naked and clothed thee? Or

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when saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee?’ And the King shall answer and say unto them, ‘Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’” — We hear it as He makes direct and positive affirmation of the great fact of the resurrection, “Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob. For he is not the God of the dead, but of the living: for all live in him”; “Marvel not at this: for the hour cometh, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth”; “And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him, may have everlasting life and I will raise him up at the last day”; “I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

We hear it in His words of comfort to

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sorrowing hearts: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: *if it were not so, I would have told you.* I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. . . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Thus in all the New Testament teaching, the great fact of immortality and the resurrection is a central truth; from the proclamation of John the Baptist of the nearness of the kingdom of heaven and the coming of the King, to the Revelation through John the Evangelist, of the glories, the joys, the peace, the rest, the society, the service of the resurrection-life, and the beauty, transcending the adequacy of human language to describe, of "that city, that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," that "house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,"

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“the Father’s house of many mansions” assured to us by the power of “the Lion of the Tribe of Judah,” who “hath prevailed”; and trusting in whose mighty power, earth’s children

“Look up to the city, so shining and fair,
To the beautiful land of the blest,
To the mansions of glory preparing for those,
Who there and there only would rest;
In those bright habitations, we all long to dwell,
To that city, as pilgrims we roam;
Though the journey be long, we are travelling
on,
For each day is a day nearer home.

“Through the cold, wintry storm, and the summers’ fierce heat,
In conflict, in sorrow, in pain,
Over mountain and valley and deep rolling flood,
We must pass, ere the city we gain—
Though toilsome the way, it must surely be
right,
Since God is our leader and guide,
In the pillar of cloud and of flame day and night
He has promised with us to abide.

“And when from the hilltops we catch the first
gleam,
Of the walls and the streets of pure gold,

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When faintly the echo seems borne on the air
Of a rapture of joy uncontrolled;
When we feel the light touch of invisible hands,
And hear the soft rustling of wings,
When the thought, his angels are guiding our
ways,

New strength and encouragement brings—

“We are nearing the land, that was very far off,
The home of the ransomed and blest;
Soon the ‘King in His beauty’ our eyes shall
behold,

And forever with Him, we shall rest.


Then as down through ‘the valley of shadows’
we go,

Hope sings its sweet song to the end;
And faith follows the voice, till in triumph ’tis
lost,

And to glory and God we ascend.”

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THE COMFORT OF THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

HE deepest meaning of the doctrine of immortality is personal. Although the fact of the resurrection of Jesus is in itself the most significant of all historical facts, there is a sense in which its highest significance lies in the truth which it makes vital to the human soul, the truth of personal resurrection.

As we stand by the graveside of our beloved dead, we look forward into the future; we long to penetrate the mysteries of death, which has torn them from our clinging arms; to lift the veil, that hides them from us. There are few sad hearts that have not in some desolate hour cried:—

“Oh wanderer in unknown lands, what cheer?
How dost thou fare on thy mysterious way?
What strange light breaks upon thy distant day,
Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?”

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“Oh, bide no longer in that far off sphere,
Though all heaven’s cohorts should thy foot-
steps stay;
Break through their splendid, militant array,
And answer to my call, Oh dead and dear!

“I shall not fear thee, howsoe’er thou come;
Thy coldness will not chill, though death
is cold;
A touch and I shall know thee, or a breath:
Speak the old well known language, or be dumb;
Only come back! Be near me as of old,
So thou and I shall triumph over death!”

As we look forward to that world into which our loved ones have preceded us, with the comfort of the hope of immortality in our hearts, many are the questions about that world that suggest themselves to our thought. Many are the questions that we ask, inspired by motives scarcely more worthy than the promptings of curiosity, but there is one question, the “answer to which is vital to our happiness, our comfort and our hope,” Shall we know each other in the future life?

Not the mere belief in immortality, but the

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affirmative answer to this question is the bright star, shining, as the night of sorrow and bereavement settles on our way, to comfort and cheer us in the darkness; and as the universal hope, reason, love and revelation unite in demonstrating man's immortality, so revelation, love and reason unite in assuring him that the affirmative answer that the universal heart gives to this chief question is the true answer.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has truly and forcefully said that "On this tremendous question of the resurrection of our loved ones, and our reunion with them, our yearning hearts are satisfied with nothing less than *certainty*. We demand absolute certainty, and there are just two truths that can give it. The first one is the actual fact of Christ's own resurrection from the death slumber; the second is His omnipotent assurance that all who sleep in Him shall be raised up and be where He is forevermore. Those early Christians were wise in their generation when they

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carved on the tombs of the martyrs, '*In Iesu Christo obdormivit*,'—In Jesus Christ he fell asleep. The fragrance of this heavenly line perfumes the very air around the believer's resting place. Giving to the Latin word its true pronunciation, there is sweet melody, as well as Heaven-sent truth, in this song of the sleepers:—

“O precious tale of triumph this!
And martyr blood shed to achieve it,
Of suffering past, of present bliss:
“In Iesu Christo obdormivit.”

“Of cherished dead be mine the trust,
Thrice blessed solace to believe it,
That I can utter o'er their dust,
“In Iesu Christo obdormivit.”

“Now to my loved one's grave I bring
My immortelle and interweave it
With God's own golden lettering,
“In Iesu Christo obdormivit.””

All the lines of revelation unite to confirm
reason's argument, perfect love's trust and
make more certain this blessed hope.

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Turning to the Old Testament and the remotest allusions to the subject, many passages are to be found such as that in which it is said of Abraham, "He died and was gathered to his people." "Gathered to his people," do the words refer to his burial? Surely not. They can have no reference to the body alone for that was buried far from home and kinsmen, among strangers, in a strange land. "The words can mean nothing less than that he was gathered to the fellowship and society of his fathers in the spirit world."

The truth is brought out more strongly perhaps in the words of Jacob, sorrowing for his son Joseph, supposed to be dead: "I will go down into Sheol to my son, mourning." Did he mean the grave? Sheol in the Hebrew thought was not the grave, but the abode of departed spirits. In this case the meaning is very clear. Joseph had no grave, even as Jacob believed. He thought that his son had been torn and devoured by wild beasts, and had no sepulchre. In his words

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there is the expression of that deep grief which he seems to think will hasten his own death, and in the midst of his sorrow, the only consolation is the thought of reunion with the loved one in Sheol, the spirit world.

Still more strongly does this truth underlie that touching incident in the life of David that has brought comfort to many sad hearts, and enabled them to enter into the sweetness of the thought embodied in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Lifted Over":—

"As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on.

"He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would
fail;
So reached from Heaven, and, lifting the dear
child,
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down

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Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me. Shall I not then be glad,
And thanking God, press on to overtake?"

When David's child was sick, he fasted and wept, praying for his restoration to health. But when the child died, he arose and ceased weeping, saying:—"Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." "I shall go to him." In the thought of happy reunion in the spirit land, he is comforted.

These few illustrations to which others might be added, show the truth, that, even so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the Scriptures treat the belief in reunion of loved ones in the world beyond as a known fact, a certainty.

This truth is so interwoven in the texture of the New Testament teaching that were its threads removed the whole volume would fall to pieces. It was with this certainty

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that Jesus comforted the weeping sisters of Bethany, upon the death of their brother and His friend, the hope of blessed reunion, that death could no more sunder:—"Thy brother shall rise again." It may be said that He referred to the revivification, which by His mighty power He would bring to pass in a moment. Doubtless this was the primary reference of the words, but Lazarus must die again, and the words were intended to bring to all who have loved ones laid to rest in the silent house, all the comfort that is enwrapped in the glorious proclamation:—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Sickness came to Bethany; the angel of death entered the home of Jesus' loved ones. Many hours passed by and yet is the coming of Him, for whom they longed, delayed. Then Jesus came to Bethany, and filled the house of mourning with resurrection comfort. He stays not in the house—tarries not until He stands before the rock-hewn sepulchre and at His word, "Lazarus, come forth!" the grave

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gives up its dead. Behold in this sequence of events a parable of all human life, and our relation to the Lord of Life. As to Bethany, so to all homes comes sickness and death. One by one, the bodies of our loved ones are laid in the tomb—one by one, we take our places by their side. Jesus, the Victor, delays His coming to the tomb, but He is on the way. He tarries at Bethany, and bids each sad heart stay its hope on Him—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." He is advancing toward the closed graves of earth. Those four days seemed long to Mary and to Martha. The hours seem long to all earth's children, the day of resurrection far distant—but He counts the hours and will delay not one moment longer than in His infinite wisdom He may deem best in bringing to pass His eternal purpose, and then, as He stands with Heaven's hosts around Him, will be heard the word, which will resound through all the universe, not "Lazarus, come forth," but the call to all who sleep, and those who

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have been laid to rest, one by one, will come forth a mighty host, and so shall we be forever with the Lord:—

“Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis Immortality.”

Forever with the Lord, and with each other—for His word to Mary and Martha was, “Thy brother shall rise again,” not a changing, not another personality, but “thy brother.” To Jairus, He gave back his own sweet little daughter; to the loving arms of the widow of Nain her own dear boy, to Martha and Mary their tenderly loved brother. One had just ceased to breathe, one was on his way to the sepulchre, one had lain in the tomb four days. All had entered the land of death. What matter it, if it be a few moments, a few hours or days, or weeks or months, or years. Death’s power is as great in the first moment as in the latest, and before the Lord of Life, death is powerless to

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touch the personality of him upon whom it lays its hand. As to the sisters of Bethany He said "Thy brother shall rise again," so to each sorrowing heart He, who is the Resurrection and the Life, speaks the word of comfort, "Thy brother, thy sister, thy father, thy mother, thy child, thy husband, thy wife, thy friend, shall rise again."

To the Thessalonians, St. Paul writes:—"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, that have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," and adds "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." That this was equivalent to saying to them, "Comfort one another in the hour of bereavement and sorrow, comfort one another with these words the separation is only 'for the season of an hour,' and then you shall be together again forever," is made very clear by the fact that in this same letter, St. Paul

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expresses his own faith of meeting and knowing those to whom he writes. He had not been long away from them, but he feels the separation keenly and longs to see them, "But we, brethren, being bereaved of you for a short season, in presence, not in heart, endeavored the more exceedingly to see your face with great desire." It is the language of deepest emotion. He realizes that the hindrances to his going again to Thessalonica may never be removed. He may never again in this world see face to face those whom he has learned to love so tenderly. But he is comforted and writes to comfort them. The separation is for a short season, literally "the season of an hour." The separation is only of presence and not of heart, and no matter how long it continues here, it will be but as a passing hour, compared with the years to be spent together in the better world. "For what is our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" St.

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Paul includes Silas and Timothy in his hope, and as he looks to the future, that hope includes the expectancy not alone that they will know and be known by their Thessalonian friends in the presence of the Lord, but that they will know each other, and share each other's joy, a mutual joy, a mutual hope, a mutual crown.

Thus all through the Bible, the affirmative answer to our questioning is assumed, and its truth inwrought into its teaching respecting the future life.

As the belief in God and immortality have been seen to be well nigh universal, it is equally true that the human soul has instinctively cherished everywhere, in all ages, the expectation of renewing in a future life the friendships of earth. Many have pointed out the fact that even in heathen lands the belief in immortality and the expectation of reunion go hand in hand. The meeting in the spirit world of heroes departed is pictured by Virgil

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among the Romans and Homer among the Greeks. Socrates mentions the names of various persons whom he expects to meet, and with whom converse; Cicero looks forward with joyful anticipation to his meeting in the assembly of departed spirits with friends whom he has tenderly loved in the earth life. The ancient Germans looked to reunion in a beautiful and peaceful valley beyond death. Among the Indians of America and the swarthy sons of Africa, among races most enlightened and most uncivilized, in some form this hope has always found a place in the human heart.

In Christian lands the same longing is present. "There is not a country church-yard, whose monumental stones do not record it; not a funeral discourse by an opening grave in which are not mingled its comforting strains; not a death bed about which it does not linger as the note of a soothing song to console the dying and the bereaved" (Valentine). In an address in the Senate of the United States, at a service held in memory of that

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true Christian soldier and statesman, Randall Lee Gibson, of Louisiana, Senator Vorhees of Indiana, declared that "tokens of honor and ceremonial tributes to the dead are evidences paid by human instinct as well as by religious faith that the relations of life are not destroyed by death. The pomp and pageantry of martial array, the swelling funeral dirge, and the parting volley over the dead soldier carry with them the love of his comrades, not merely for his memory, but for him personally in the new existence he has assumed. The high pealing notes of the anthem and the lofty eloquence of the orator over the mortal remains of the honored statesman, the eminent ecclesiastic, or other public benefactor are not inspired by the cold clay there lying in state, nor alone by the memory of glorious earthly achievements, but in far higher degree by the feeling that the great, liberated soul still lives and may be known again in the future. And so too it is with the humblest mourners, who bedew the graves

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of their loved ones with tears and strew their peaceful resting places with flowers. The mother, the father, the son, the daughter, the brother, the sister, all kindreds, are sustained, soothed and upheld in their bereavements by a natural as well as a religious faith that the living and the dead are not lost to each other."

The belief, which is in the heart of the race, has grown stronger in the light of Christianity. Reason has no other argument stronger than this in support of this deathless hope. Before the radiance of the Gospel, in the presence of the teaching of Him, who is the Truth, errors, misconceptions, superstitions of pagan thought are dissipated as the mists by the rising sun. Had this been an error, it must have shared the same fate, but in the warmth of the Gospel light this hope has grown clearer, purer and more certain.

As the doctrine of immortality is involved in the doctrine of God, so the doctrine of future

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recognition is involved in the doctrine of immortality. Postulate God, says reason, and immortality must follow as conclusion. Given immortality as the premise, future recognition must follow. We live here on earth as individuals and all through the years our personality does not change. A man does not change his identity with the passage of the years, nor by a change of earthly residence. He is the same individual he was five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago. His life perhaps has broadened, he may be a better man than he was then, or the converse may be true, but he is the same man. He is not a different personality because he was born in the north and now lives in the south, nor because he was born in Europe and now lives in America.

Man cannot lose his identity by a change of worlds, whether it be by crossing the ocean and finding a home in the old world, or by the passage of the narrow stream that separates the present from the hereafter. And as he cannot thus lose his individuality, neither

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can he lose the knowledge of his identity. He knows that he is the same man that he was in former years, and not another, because he remembers in their connection the events of his past life, and can trace the course of that life from infancy to the end of life's journey. So it will be in the other world. The Paul, who is in Heaven, is not another Paul, but the identical Paul, who once lived on earth, who lived the life that he lived here, and did the things that he did in that life. He knows himself there and can trace the connection between the life lived on earth and the new life upon which he has entered. So it must be with all, who pass into the great beyond.

In other words, since memory is essential to self-conscious identity here, so there, if memory were destroyed, the past would all be blotted out, as though it had not been. It would be equivalent to beginning a new existence, not immortality, not resurrection, but practically a new creation.

One, who is dear to us is about to leave us.

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At the call of the loved one, we gather round the bedside. In the last moments of earth, the soul, about to say "Good-bye"—grand old Saxon word, God-be-with-you—remembers us, and reaching to us the hand of love, bids us be true, and "pressing on, to overtake." In that hour memory did not cease for us. How many there are, who remember such an hour! The memory of it goes through life! Passing from our sight, does the one who loved us ever forget? If the soul is immortal, none of its original faculties can be destroyed. Memory is that faculty, which preserves our conscious identity. We remember and the one gone on before remembers us.

Whether those who have passed beyond are still in touch with us here, whether they are interested in the events of the remainder of our earth life, we have no definite means of knowing to an absolute certainty. That the immortals are interested in the affairs of those they love on earth is a thought full of inexpressible comfort to many a heart; and there

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is nothing in reason or in revelation to negative the hope, but much to confirm it. That interest is beautifully expressed in the sweet little poem:—

“ ‘Oh what do you think the angels say,’
Said the children up in Heaven.
‘There’s a dear little girl coming home to-day—
She’s almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in.
Let’s go and open the Gates of Pearl:
Open them wide for the dear little girl—’
Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘God wanted her here, where His little ones
meet,’
Said the children up in Heaven;
‘She shall play with us in the Golden Street:
She had grown too fair—she had grown too
sweet
For the earth we used to live in,
She needed the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds this side of the Gates of Pearl!—’
Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘So the King called down from the angels’
dome,’
Said the children up in Heaven.

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‘My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father’s Home,
The Home that my children live in.’

‘Let’s go and watch at the gates of Pearl
Ready to welcome the dear little girl—’
Said the children up in Heaven.

“‘Far down on the earth, do you hear them
weep?’

Said the children up in Heaven,
‘For the dear little girl has gone to sleep,
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O’er the earth we used to live in.
But we’ll go and open the gates of Pearl,
Oh, why do they weep for the dear little girl?’
Said the children up in Heaven.

“‘Fly with her quickly, Oh angels dear!’

Said the children up in Heaven.
‘See, she is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
Oh, hush-hush-hush! The swift wings furl,
And the King Himself at the Gates of Pearl,
Is taking her hand—dear, tired little girl!
And leading her into Heaven.’”

There are three passages of Scripture, which
go far to confirm our thought on this ques-

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tion, and if the generally accepted interpretation of their teaching is the correct one, they are conclusive on the subject. One is in the Old Testament and two are in the New. The first is found in the prophecy of Isaiah (14 : 9-16), and pictures the concern of the inhabitants of the other world in the affairs of this, and their greeting to one who comes to them from mortal shores. One is in the Gospels and is the account of the appearance of Moses and Elijah, on the "holy mount" of the Transfiguration, not only recognized by each other but made known to the Heaven-illuminated eyes of the disciples, witnessing; clearly demonstrating the continuance of man after death, unchanged in his identity; and more than suggesting the interest of the people of the other life in the great affairs of this world. One is in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Apostle has pointed to a great company of those who have passed from earth, leaving behind them a mighty testimony to the power of faith. But they are not only testifiers,

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whose example is to be an incentive to noble living. They are witnesses, onlookers, spectators of the struggles and conflicts of their successors. His language is not merely that of poetic imagination. He seems to tell us that they who have triumphed are not only cognizant of, but absorbingly interested in what is going on on earth. His language seems to mean, "We are surrounded by a great cloud of heroes; let us not only imitate their example, but under the eyes of these pure, and valiant spirits, act a worthy part; let us labor to be as pure, noble and valiant as they were." If these men of old are interested how much more our own beloved!

Father Ryan, the poet priest, in "A Christmas Chant," voices the thought of loved ones in the land beyond for sorrowing hearts in this and the message of cheer they would send to comfort:—

"The night chants the psalm o'er the mortal
clay,
And the spirits immortal from far away,

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To the music of hope sing their sweet toned
lay:—

“ ‘You think of the dead on Christmas eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping,
And we from a land where we may not grieve,
Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think us far, we are very near,
From you and the earth though parted;
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of the countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth’s weepers,
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken;
We shall meet again, in a bright, calm clime,
Where we’ll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas
chime,
With rapture and with gladness.
The snow shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
Shall follow earth’s December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb

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Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow.' "

At last, we too pass over the river. We are the same individuals they left on earth, we will find them the same. To use again as an illustration the case of the Apostle Paul:—"Paul in Heaven does not forget the Paul of this life. He cannot think of the Paul of this life without thinking of his relation to Timothy, something of which we know from the Acts of the Apostles and from Paul's own letters. Timothy in Heaven cannot forget the Timothy of this life. He cannot think of the Timothy of this life without thinking of his relations with Paul. Neither can fully know himself without being reminded of the other. Their lives were so united here that the one knowledge implies the other knowledge. Dwelling in the same Heaven, they cannot meet each other as strangers. What is true of them, must be true of any two people closely related in the

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earth life." Paul himself teaches that the powers of the faculties of the soul will not be diminished but increased, elevated, strengthened:—"Now I know in part—then shall I know even as also I am known."

DeQuincey was distressed at hearing at the funeral of his little sister the glorious words of the Apostle, "We shall all be changed," and argued that this could not be true, conceiving that there could be no other change than change of identity.

That there will be change in the character of the resurrection body, and that it will be different from that which is worn here goes without saying. Even here there is from period to period in our lives change of atoms, but no change of individuality or identity. So it will be with the resurrection body; not changed in the sense in which DeQuincey comprehended the meaning of the word, but made like unto the glorious body of Him, who made Himself known to the doubting disciple by showing him his nail-pierced hands.

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“Not changed, but glorified! Oh beauteous
thought

For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep!

“How will it look, the face that we have cher-
ished,

Hushed into silence, never more to comfort
The hearts of men;
Gone like the shadows of another country,
Beyond our ken?

“How will it look, the face that we have cher-
ished,

When next we meet?
Will it be changed—so glorified and saintly
That we shall know it not?
Will there be nothing that shall say, ‘I love
thee

And I have not forgot?’

Oh faithful heart! the same loved face trans-
figured

Shall meet thee there—
Less sad, less wistful, in immortal beauty
Divinely fair.

“Let us be patient, we who mourn with weeping
Some vanished face;

The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

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When through the storm and tempest safely
anchored

Just on the other side,

We shall find that dear face through death's
deep shadows

Not changed, but glorified."

This is the comfort of the resurrection hope.
A great host of friends awaits us, parents,
brothers, sisters, children, secure in a blessed
immortality, awaiting the time of rejoicing,
when we shall renew society with our loved
ones on immortal shores.

"Over the river they beckon to me

Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see

But their voices are drowned in the rushing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;

The gates of the city we could not see;

Over the river, over the river,

My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

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“Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another,—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood’s idol is waiting for me.

“And I sit and think when the sunset’s gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman’s oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,—
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.”

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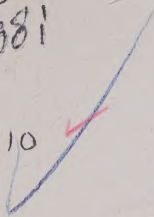
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